National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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THE STANDARD.

New England Anti-Slavery Convention.

SPEECH OF REV. THOS. W. HIGGINSON,

At the Melodeon, Boston, Wednesday Morning, May 26, 1857.

Phonographically reported by J. M. W. Yerrinton.

MR. CHAIRMAN: As I was riding in the cars from which I have just disembarked, I read the reports of the meetings yesterday, and I could not think why they seemed so much duller than usual, until I remembered that the Anti-Slavery Convention had not begun its sessions. I do not know how it is with others, but, ever since I began to attend Conventions, *here* has been the interest of Anniversary Week to me. Elsewhere, you get the conventionalisms; here, you get the Convention of the people. Here is where the critics get criticised, the doctors indoctrinated. Here we look the sin of the nation in the face. It is not because there is more talent here than elsewhere; it is because that talent knows its mission, and, knowing, acts upon it. It is because we have got the key to unlock the moral condition of the nation, that what is said here is worth hearing. Elsewhere, the lock turns out a padlock, and it is on the lips of the speakers (applause).

Mr. Chairman, I read yesterday a long list of the "eminent" and "eloquent" men who were to address the religious meetings, but I saw no such encomiums pronounced on those who were to speak here. I take that as evidence of the value of this meeting—that it is not an echo, but a teaching, that men look for here. Here, Orville Dewey and Nehemiah Adams are but *men*; elsewhere, they are *Doctors of Divinity*; and each is accustomed to see men endorse everything that is said by a "D.D.," without even the commercial "E. E.," for "errors excepted" (laughter and applause).

Sir, ever since the time when the Anti-Slavery question dawned upon this nation, it has been at once its critic and its saviour. Ever since the time when Garrison went to Dr. Lyman Beecher, supposing, in the innocence of his unsophisticated heart, that he and the clergy of New England would assume the mantle of the new gospel upon themselves—ever since the time when the old man answered, if the story be told true, that he "had too many irons in the fire"—I suppose he meant his own children, for they are all made of iron, and have been in the fire ever since (applause)—ever since that day, the Anti-Slavery movement has been the critic of the nation. It has taught the Church its mission. It has been more than any theological school, more than any law school. Other meetings are primary institutions; this is the University. Men complain that here are not given even the first rudiments of Anti-Slavery instruction. After every Convention, some little New York *Times* turns upon the men who made the public sentiment that called it into existence, and asks them why they did not come there with statistics; why they did not come and prove to the slaveholder that it was bad economy for him to hold slaves; why they did not send their missionaries to the South, and bring them back with reports of the nakedness of the land, so as to begin the instruction of the people at the right place. Sir, the Anti-Slavery movement, years ago, went through these preliminary phases of instruction. It does not come here with its array of petty statistics, to prove that slavery is a bad thing, for the same reason that "Colburn's First Lessons" is not the text-book at Harvard—it has got beyond that—it has something else to do. This is a University, not a school of A, B, C. In the writings of Theodore D. Weld, of Mrs. Child, and others—in the accumulated "Refuges of Oppression" in *The Liberator*—there has been heaped up a mass of information in regard to the workings of slavery, of which the "Key" to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Olmstead's "Slave States" are but the poor and superficial reproduction. But, long ago, something greater opened itself before Abolitionism as a duty. It has entered on a new course of existence; it has found a new work; and that work is seen in the pulpits and their changes, seen in the caucus and its transformations. Every great religious party in the land that had a South side to split off from them has split it off, as far as it dared to do it. Every young preacher, in any denomination, who has a reputation among his own brethren worth having has gained it, like my noble cousin, Dudley Tyng, of Philadelphia, by his fidelity to this stern test. It speaks to all the clergy of the nation, and tests all the religion of the nation; and, compared with it, there is nothing by which you can judge a man or an institution.

But, sir, these tests and these workings are to me less absorbing, partly because we keep a special professor for that line of business, Parker Pillsbury (applause), who, I suppose, is here with his file of newspapers and documents—less absorbing, less startling, than the influence upon the political condition of the nation, and the public sentiment that lies behind it. I do not care what doctrine is taught by the pulpits. I have been in the pulpit, and I know what that means; but I do care for the public sentiment that heaves and swells in caucuses, and stamps itself in legislation (and in *such* legislation!) at the polls. I do care to live in a State that is true to its instincts of liberty. Let the Union go—the quicker the better; but, in Heaven's name, while we live in Massachusetts, let us *be* in Massachusetts, and seek for something here that is worth standing upon. What have we in Massachusetts now? What baseness, what littleness is around us, in the institutions in what calls itself the Anti-Slavery and Republicanism of Massachusetts now! Why, a few years ago, we took account of stock, and we found that slavery had demoralized all our public existence; and that in this State, so far that we actually welcomed Coalition and Know-Nothingism to lift us out of it. Coalition came, and had its course. It came in like a lion, and went out like a lamb—and Caleb Cushing fleeced it (laughter). Know-Nothingism came, and my anti-slavery neighbours were actually disposed to think there was joy in heaven over the first election of Henry J. Gardner, as if he were a sinner and had repented. They thought themselves rich in that prize, but they soon found that they were like the man who drew the elephant in a lottery, and they have been trying to get rid of him ever since. At this moment, go into any Republican cabal, and the one absorbing question is, not what shall we do against slavery, and for liberty? but what shall we do with Gardner, and for Wilson and Banks? In every place, every secret conclave, the grand theme is, rebuke of Gardner, and the grand question, how he is to be got out of his seat, and who shall hop into it when he is out!

O, it is humiliating to see those who call themselves the anti-slavery politicians or statesmen of the Commonwealth resorting, when they get into power, to the same despicable chicanery that roused the indignation of the people a few years ago, and threw the power into their hands. These leading men appeal to the selfishness that reigns in the men beneath them. There are so many applicants, and so few offices, that it gives to each one who holds office, or offers it, a command upon the sympathies or terrors of many. There is that little handful of places—a few seats in the House of Representatives at Washington, two seats in the Senate—"five loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?" (Applause.) When we came to Anniversary Week, we heard a great deal said in the newspapers about the *cant* of reform, and we see a good deal more of the *re*-cant of it (laughter and applause).

Why, sir, we had in Worcester an illustration of this state of things lately. We had, last week, a consignment, from the State of Kentucky, of two small representatives of coloured humanity, who were sent by express, paid through, to one of the editors of the *Spy*, with the intimation that if he could take better care of them than their master could, he was welcome to them. He thought he could not take worse, and so accepted the charge. They say the fugitives cannot take care of themselves. Perhaps they can't; but I know this, that these two boys strayed out in the streets, and, when found, they were engaged in turning somersets in the shops, at a penny apiece, and came back with half a dollar in their pockets. We soon put a stop to that species of enterprise. We told them there were plenty of *white* men in Massachusetts who made their living by that sort of business, and that turning somersets at a penny apiece would injure their prospects (laughter and applause). But I fear their example has been demoralizing already, by some things I see recorded as spoken at the anniversaries yesterday.

We have got to go deeper, and take a stronger hold of the people of Massachusetts, before we can dream of getting a foot of free soil to stand upon. There are persons, I find, who are very ready, as soon as a young man shows any instinct for freedom, to suggest to him that he will be very useful in Kansas, or very useful in Virginia—in Eli Thayer's new band of brothers there. They seem to think there is no opportunity for any effort for freedom in Massachusetts, we have got so free already. Mr. Chairman, I know of one man who does not desire to remove to Kansas, or to Virginia, until somewhere in Massachusetts there is at least the beginning of a free State to date from (applause). God forbid that any of us, who understand the true condition of things, should go out of Massachusetts, so long as trading politicians govern the State! And while they do, there are no laws, there are no securities that can give us any hope. Since Margaret Garner had pledged to her, in Cincinnati, all the resources of the State of Ohio for her protection and that of her children, and, after all, could find no avenue for them to liberty larger than the dagger's little point, I have no hope of politicians, or of laws, or of anything but the roused instinct of the people, to stand by a fugitive slave. All else is vain. I have seen, within the last month, no less than five female slaves of different families, all born slaves, every one of them as white, I will not say as Rufus Choate or Daniel Webster, but as the average whiteness of the finest type of the Anglo-Saxon race. Take the whitest of these women, give her five minutes into the clutches of the coward Butman, put all the safeguards of your Personal Liberty Bill around her, and, I tell you, there is not a politician in Massachusetts with backbone enough to save her—not one; for Charles Sumner is not in Massachusetts (loud applause). Were she my own sister, I could give her no hope of safety in the tribunals of the law—no hope of safety in the Personal Liberty Bill—no glimpse of freedom—unless she, and we for her, despairing of justice, were willing, like Brennus of old, to turn the balance with the sword (loud applause). She would be safe then, and not until then. I know how the "Optimists and Quietists" talk; and I don't mean by them the respectabilities of the Boston *Post*—I mean the Republicans; as Wendell Phillips once said, "the Republicans and sinners" (laughter). I mean such men as the Boston correspondent of the New York *Tribune*—the men who encourage the same vain dream that has always defeated us hitherto, that there will be no more fugitive slave cases in Massachusetts, or, if there be, that the Personal Liberty Bill will protect them.

Sir, I wish from my soul the Personal Liberty Bill were repealed. It is nothing but a useless waste of time, with a Supreme Court that is openly against it, and a Governor that is worse, because he is not even *openly* against it. There is not a section, not a clause in it, through which the tyranny of man will not drive itself in safety. There never was a time when we did not have law enough in Massachusetts to protect the fugitive in the bill of personal replevin; but the difficulty has been, that we had no officer willing to serve a writ, and no man above him who would bid him do it; and we have not now—and when shall we have? I have read what the New York *Herald* says about that formidable organization which is in operation here, and I can only say of it, as the veteran traveller did of his own narrative, when it was read to him in his old age: he said it was very wonderful and interesting, but sometimes he could not help wondering if it was all true (laughter). The trouble is, Mr. Chairman, that you cannot get a formidable organization to meet slavery face to face, unless you let slavery come face to face to meet it. You cannot learn men to swim on a table. You have no chance to turn men into freemen by giving them a sense of duty, but by giving them something to defend. What made the men of Bunker Hill but the dangers and experiences of the French wars? These made them brave. What makes men cowards now? The habit of regarding every fugitive slave who comes among us as something already stamped and endorsed, and with a way-bill forwarding him to Canada as soon as possible. We educate ourselves into cowards every time we patronize the Underground Railroad (applause). Governor Gardner vetoes the Hoosac Tunnel bill; I wish he would veto the Underground tunnel as well, and we would thank him for it. Those "optimists and quietists," who think there cannot be another fugitive slave case in Massachusetts, do not know the mighty terrors, the caution and secrecy, of the men and women around me on this platform, to keep them from occurring, by sending them away before the danger comes. They do it because they do not dare, in the present condition of the community, to do anything else. They do it because you make them do it; because, by your cowardice, you lead them to think that there is no help for the fugitive, but in continuing a fugitive. Once resolve that Boston is the terminus of the Underground Railroad henceforth, and Boston is Canada—these streets, though part of a Republic, are as free as if they were ruled by a Queen. You do it in your own hearts already, many of you: but your hearts do not fully take counsel with each other; you do not keep, through years of inaction, the same spirit of determination that swells in a thousand hearts *the day after* a fugitive slave has been carried away. Keep alive the feeling of the men of Massachusetts the day after Burns was carried back, and another Burns case would never come. But we are not accustomed to these dangers; we do not have a daily experience to excite us, and we Abolitionists sometimes yield to the spirit around us, and endeavour to evade the direct contest with slavery, which alone can save us. We cannot gain organization without experience; we cannot defend our principles without meeting danger face to face, and grappling with it. We shrink from risking the safety of a fugitive slave by encouraging him to remain; but the fugitive slave defended is the safety of thousands yet to be defended; one slaveholder defeated openly in Massachusetts is worth a million defrauded by manœuvres, and cheated by the swift decision of the Canada train (applause). I long to see something of "that despicable virtue, prudence"—a virtue though it may be sometimes—and something of resolution that the time has come for retreating no longer.

What is the use of the Dred Scott case, if it leads us not an inch farther on than we were before? What is the use of Judge Taney deciding that the black man has no rights, unless we respect him a little more, to restore the equilibrium? I looked to see a people who would rise with one firm determination, that henceforth the die was cast, and the time had come; and I see some signs of acquiescence in the abstract tyranny of that decision. We have all of us seen them. And the reason is, that men always acquiesce in abstraction. Nothing but the concrete case, the exercise of tyranny, the actual danger, the immediate issue, rouses them. One fugitive slave standing here black and plain before you is worth more than a million added steps of a tyranny that we have been accustomed to. We need some new change in the heart of the people of Massachusetts. If we had a fugitive slave case every year in Anniversary Week, the ministers would bring their rifles to Boston, instead of sending them to Kansas, and they might, perhaps, take them back without their being needed; but as long as they do not bring them down, they are needed. So long as they do not defend the fugitive, we need to defend him. As soon as we begin to defend him, there will be an end to the necessity for defence. One success settles the question forever.

I know it was said nobly in New York, "Massachusetts men, Anglo-Saxon men, do not find Sharp's rifles their legitimate weapons." Thank God, they do not! But, sir, if we have not got the best tool to work with, we must take the next best. If we have not got the tongue of Stephen Foster, we must take the next sharpest thing; if we cannot roll out the cannon balls that come, every week, out of *The Liberator*, we must take pistol bullets. Anything, any weapon, so that for one instant in our lives we may know the sensation of being freemen!

Here is the vital question for us in Massachusetts. As for the Union, that may settle itself; it is settling itself every day. It is of no use for us to talk one way or the other—mere talking is so insignificant in comparison with the vast processes that, beneath God's laws, are going on. Why argue the separation of the States? We must separate when we learn to hate each other; and we are learning, sadly, sternly, the sense of separation, the deep feeling of foreignness, every year. Nothing I saw in Kansas impressed me so deeply as this one thing—the general, deep, vague, but unquestionable, absolute, total alienation between every man in Kansas who came from a free State and every man who came from a slave State. It was an actual, inevitable thing. They did not know why it was. They might meet for purposes of trade, they might meet for the interchange of social enjoyment, the same stern fact was visible. Going down the Missouri river, the young men whom I travelled with, from Virginia, from South Carolina, from Mississippi, did not go into Kansas to fight the men of Kansas as such. What did they care about the men of Kansas, as such? Nothing—nothing. They went there to fight the men from Massachusetts, from Vermont, from New York, from Wisconsin, from Minnesota. They went to fight Yankees—and they would have marched into New York, or into Massachusetts, just as readily, and from just the same impulses, if they dared to do it. As somebody said the other day in South Carolina, you know, "South Carolina wants nothing to do with Massachusetts, except on the battle-field"; and somebody else added, "And not much there" (laughter).

We are not one nation. It is idle to call us so. Every fibre of social life asserts an ingrained separation that makes us hostile in spite of ourselves. You read Olmstead's "Tour in Texas," and you find him going from house to house among the Texans, native Americans, speaking the same language with himself, voting under the same Constitution, a part of the same Union—you find him a stranger among his kindred there; and then you follow him into the German settlements, among men of a foreign language, and customs, and race, and he feels at home. Talk of a Union of such antagonist opinions as these! Talk of a Union, when every principle, every institution, that Massachusetts asserts, every interest in South Carolina denies! Talk of a Union! Why, the world has not seen the existence of a permanent Union between two races and two nations so dissimilar as that. It is idle to oppose the disunion settlement of the question. It is not a question of the meaning of the Constitution; if it were, the mass of the people would never care for it. The only merit of the Worcester Disunion Convention was this—that it presented a problem for the first time as a practical one—a question, not of an instrument, but of a nation; not the severing of a parchment, but the severing of two hostile races. As such, the battle hereafter is to be fought. We do not make the materials—we take them as they are, and deal with them. We take slavery and freedom, and say that they separate, not because they are intrinsically hostile. They separate because they *must* separate; and all we say upon this platform is, if they must separate, for God's sake, let us save the pieces!—let us save Massachusetts!

It is for this reason that, in these few words, I have urged upon you the one desire which controls my heart in the question of freedom—that we should leave these dodgings and equivocations, these disguises and feints, which keep us from the main issue; that we should take, either in our laws, or without our laws, the position that henceforth Massachusetts is Canada—and call it "Treason," if you please. "Treason!" There is not a man here, there is not a woman, who, if true to his or her instincts of freedom, does not commit secret treason every week; and all I ask is, that the secret treason which demoralizes and weakens us all should be transformed henceforth into open, active treason, that will make us free men, at least, and give free soil to Massachusetts (loud applause).

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS,

At the Melodeon, Thursday Evening, May 28, 1857.

I AM glad that both the hour and the thoroughness with which all those topics presented to the Convention have been discussed render it unnecessary that I should detain you any length of time. I believe that we have done justice both to our own view, and that of our opponents, and to the obstacles that beset us. We have but two levers—two instrumentalities by which to carry forward the movement which is to result in the emancipation of the slave; one, the omnipotent power of public opinion; the other, bringing to bear directly, both upon the slave and the master, the great principle which underlies government—the laws of trade, of profit and loss. Man is made up of two qualities—consciousness of right, and the stimulus of selfishness; and, to be successful, we must work with reference to this fact. We have endeavoured, in our action and discussion the last two days, to keep these two points in view. The *Traveller* is nothing to us; we do not care whether it fails or succeeds; but, as a test of Boston character, and as a type of the Republican element, it is of some importance that its character be exposed to the community. Its manner of reporting our meetings excites in me no surprise. I knew what it was when it summoned Bolles to its head. The Boston *Traveller* itself had vice enough to quench all the little virtues of those papers with which it united; it had surplus wickedness to supply the whole four. Its editor is the man who was instrumental in getting up a mob in Springfield against George Thompson, by placarding the city with bills. The windows of the hotel at which he (Mr. T.) was stopping were broken by boys and rowdies, the landlord himself refusing to interfere. When Mr. Thompson, in opening the meeting, charged this editor with printing these bills, he asked what proof he had of the fact (!!)—like the rascal who rises in court and says, "If I have stolen, prove it." He demanded the evidence. Now he comes to Boston. This is a specimen of the Republican party; the *Traveller* is its organ—the best paper that can live in Massachusetts. Can you rely on such a party?

Those men could ask us to announce from this platform that Cheever would speak in Music Hall. They could rely on our generosity to do this, at the risk of emptying our benches. They knew us well. Then they can load us, in return, with this scurrility and falsehood. So much for one straw showing which way the wind blows.

Dark as that picture is, there is still a darker one. Park Street Church would not allow a man to hold his pew, because he was black; yet that Church, this afternoon, rang with the eloquence of a Cheever, a Stone, a Tyng, till they out-garrisoned Garrison himself! All honour to the brave words that leap from the lips of such men in a good cause! All honour to the words of rebuke they utter against their brothers in the Church! What we ask of them, in no spirit of fault-finding, is, not only to speak, but to act in such a way as to annihilate the opinion which makes slaveholding respectable in this country. There were good Protestants before Luther—men who hated papal corruption before him. Why, then, was he the head of Protestantism? Simply because he took the only course which could be taken to disarm public opinion in favour of the Church. He cut the bonds which bound corruption to respectability; he took from vice the companionship of respectability. The sin of the slaveholder is not alone his own fault; but the fault of being considered respectable by the Church. Why do four thousand men applaud when Cheever speaks in Music Hall, when, if Pillsbury or Foster had spoken the same words, the audience would have left the hall? A friend of mine, a member of the New York Senate, happened to be boarding at a house full of sincere anti-Masons. He bore it as long as he could, and then changed to a house where such men as Seward, Weed and others were boarding: and being asked why he did so, replied that he could not bear anti-Masons. "But you are not in any better quarters now! Weed and Seward talk against the Masons as bad as anybody." "True—but they don't mean anything." So with the Church. Acknowledge me a Christian, and you may abuse me from A to Z—it means nothing. So long as I can sit at the communion-table among decent men, you may belch forth Foster every day in the week. That is what takes the sting from rebuke. Beecher is eloquent, but he stands inside the Church, fellowshipping Adams and Spring. Let him slam the door of that Brooklyn church against the Bible and Tract Societies, the Education and Missionary Societies, until they are ready to bring, the slave in with them, and the clang of that door will be like the first gunpowder burnt at Lexington.

The people of the nation sit down under law. Slavery has the judiciary on its side. Until you make Massachusetts announce, in unequivocal terms, that she will not submit to a law which sustains slavery, and that it shall never be executed as law—until you get public opinion up to this point—our work cannot be done. While one is ready to rebel, ninety-nine submit. Many have reached this point theoretically. Governor Chase told me that when Margaret Garner was in prison, he told his Sheriff not to open its door at the bidding of any United States Marshal or Judge. That woman was free, and he would surround her prison with armed men, if need be, before a United States officer should lay his hand upon her. But he did not do it. Tempted by the hope of political preferment, and delighted with the hope of party triumph, he was swayed from his high purpose, and the moment which should have made his name immortal was allowed to pass unimproved. But what one man thinks, another attempts, and a third performs. What no virtue in Chase was able to do—only to project—may create a man who will both plan and execute.

It is not in the Saxon blood to submit to the sword. The French, Spanish and Italian branches of the same root, all know what it is to bite the dust beneath the edge of the despot's sword; but never since the Saxon came from his forest has he bowed to anything but his own idea of law. New England men are not cowards. Convince Massachusetts—let the pulpits convince Massachusetts men—that it is not law to which they are bowing—that it is despotism—and they will not submit. Rebellion! it is an epedemic in Massachusetts. Hancock caught the disease, and inoculated us all. We shall yet be able to educate this Northern heart of ours up to the point of rebellion. Massachusetts is kept down by the South, by State street, Harvard College, with Facing-two-ways Winthrop, with Knownothing Everett. Remove Massachusetts from these influences, and you will then see her true character. Don't let us despair. Preach comeoutism to Cheever. Tell him to aim his sarcasm at the Northern doughface, the Southern slaveholder, the Missouri ruffian; and from the Church let him at once cut loose, and thus practically refuse to acknowledge the respectability of the system it sustains.

SPEECH OF CHARLES C. BURLEIGH.

A PAPER has lately fallen under my notice (the New York *Tribune*), in which an attempt is made to explain the alleged inefficiency or unsuccessfulness of the labours of Abolitionists. The writer admits the men engaged in the anti-slavery movement to be earnest, zealous, sincere, philanthropic, able and eloquent; in short, he gives us all we claim in these respects. He then asks the question—"Why is it that such men make so few converts?" and answers it by assigning as the cause a want of discrimination. "They reason and act," he says, "as though the people of the North were in some measure answerable for the existence of slavery in the South. They fail to make the distinction between the responsibility of the North, in regard to the extension of slavery in new territory, and the responsibility of the North for the existence of slavery in the present slaveholding States of the Union. If the slaveholders attempt to carry slavery into the Territories, then we have something to do; but if Carolina sees fit to keep her slaves, her people alone are responsible." I am ready to take issue on this point; and, instead of confessing a mistake, assert the mistake to be all on his side. It is a mistake that the pro-slavery party have made from the beginning of our movement. How comes it that slavery has the power to effect an extension? An old mechanician said he could move the earth if he had a place to stand upon. Now, where is the standing-point of slavery which enables it to extend the system into Kansas? If slaveholders had no other power than that which is found in their own States—the strength of the South alone—to accomplish their designs, they never would attempt the introduction of slavery into new territory; for such attempt would be fruitless, and would recoil upon them with defeat. They look northward to their Democratic allies for aid; they not only look to *them* for aid, but to the entire Northern population. By their alliance with the Democratic party, they are enabled to carry all their measures of general legislation; by their alliance with the entire Northern people, they are enabled fully to accomplish their designs. Slavery is recognised by the Supreme Court and by the Congress of the United States. Slaves by them are recognised as property, and Government has no right to discriminate between this and another species of property. The inference is that slaveholders have a right to carry their property anywhere. The inference is irresistible, that if a slaveholder wishes to go to Kansas, and take with him his slaves, he has no occasion to wait for Congressional or Territorial action. His right to do this is established. If so, it follows that the slaveholder has a right to bring his slaves into Massachusetts, and retain them here. We have had no decision to this effect; the slaveholder has not required it; but the premises of the Court lead to this conclusion. The Court is stopped midway. The avalanche has started in its descent, and is now only resting. You cannot stop it there. Slaves are property—not by virtue of the local legislation of Carolina and the South, but property under the recognition of the United States Government, and therefore property wherever the Constitution of the United States has jurisdiction; property, too, not in a qualified sense, but in the same sense, and to the same extent, with the domestic animals, with furniture, or any other species of property. If I can go to Virginia, and retain these, the Virginian has a right to come here with his slaves, and continue to hold them here as long as he may deem it proper. We cannot shirk this conclusion. It may be true that this legislation and judicial action, to which I refer, has its origin in the Democratic party alone; yet it is the purpose of the Slave Power to have it recognised by the North as legitimately and authoritatively binding on us. What is the basis of their hopes and expectations? Suppose Massachusetts should say, "We are ready to do what honest men can do, for the sake of continuing in union with South Carolina; but there are certain things which honest men and lovers of liberty cannot consistently do; and to that limit having gone, we will not go beyond—not even to save the Union, or keep the solid globe from crumbling beneath our feet." Would there then be any hope of binding Massachusetts to assist the Slave Power in carrying slavery wherever it may see fit? Take away the aid of the North, and let it be understood that she stands independent and separate from slavery, and you would not find sufficient courage in the South to attempt an extension of the system.

It is amusing that such papers as the New York *Tribune* need be told that to help to commit a crime is to be guilty of that crime. If I help hold slaves in Carolina, why am I not guilty of slaveholding? If I hold slaves on my own responsibility, and with my own power here, I can fix the limits of the force which I put in operation. I can decide the nature of their task, determine the quality of their food and clothing, and in all respects control their condition; but if I hold them in Carolina, while I am responsible for their enslavement, I have no power to control their condition. I am like the mill-stream, that pours its tide upon the wheel, but which has no ability to guide the machinery. There is the slave under the control of the slave-driver of Mississippi—himself under no control of mine. He can exercise his power over the slave as he may think proper, and I cannot interpose any barrier.

This is the only appreciable difference between slaveholding here and slaveholding in Carolina, through the aid I give to that State in holding men as slaves. Do you ask the evidence that the people of Massachusetts are actually engaged in slaveholding there? If I were talking to the New York *Tribune*, or to the Boston *Traveller*, it might perhaps be necessary to go into an argument to prove this fact; but to you, who have been accustomed to meet together, to read, to think, to discuss, it can hardly be necessary to spend words for this purpose; yet it may be possible there are those here who have read *The Tribune* more than *The Liberator*, and I may be excused if I remind them that, as long as the Constitution of the United States pledges the North to return the slave to his master, and to put down slave insurrections, so long is the North involved in the guilt of slaveholding. No matter how sincerely anti-slavery a man may profess to be, by virtue of his connection with the American Union, by virtue of his citizenship under the American Government and his confederacy with slaveholders, he is, wittingly or unwittingly, a slaveholder. If there is any truth in the saying that to help commit a wrong makes one responsible for the wrong, then it is plain that to help hold slaves in South Carolina makes us responsible for slavery there.

Some, it is true, deny the construction we put upon the Constitution, as being pro-slavery. I know there are men who deny that there is one syllable or letter in the Constitution in support of slavery. I am willing to concede, what I believe to be at variance with truth, that this opinion is correct. For the sake of the argument, I am willing to waive my own opinion, and accept as true that of Spooner, Smith and Goodell. I respond to those who say that we of the North have no connection with slavery; that the great body of the people do not, and never have so understood it; that the legislative and judiciary departments of government concur in interpreting the Constitution in such a way as to make it our duty to return the slave to his master. Be the letter of the Constitution what it may, the people, in their administration, have made it a pro-slavery instrument, and they have evinced a determination to administer it in accordance with that interpretation. It would have been a marvel, indeed, had the people made an anti-slavery Constitution. The blacksmith does not make an axe that he may have a scythe; when the Constitution has been used as a scythe to mow down humanity from the beginning, the inference is clear that this is what the people meant to make it. There is no evidence that the people of the North do not mean to administer the Constitution as a pro-slavery instrument.

Massachusetts has the Personal Liberty bill. It is much longer than would be a Personal Liberty bill which was really framed for the purpose of protecting the slave. If the Legislature will consent to pass such a bill by a vote large enough to dispense with Governor Gardner's signature, I will engage to make one which will make two lines only—"*Be it enacted*, that no human being shall be claimed as a slave on the soil of Massachusetts." This everybody can understand. Everybody does not clearly understand the present bill. It is not what an anti-slavery Constitution of the United States would require it to be. Have they who profess to be desirous of protecting the inhabitants of Massachusetts against the Slave Power ever attempted to pass an act capable of being interpreted to mean that no man shall be claimed or given up as a slave? In that bill you have provisions for the employment of counsel, and for the attendance of witnesses in behalf of him who is claimed. What are these provisions for? You must have a jury trial—you must have counsel—to do what? Witnesses—to testify to what? Simply to decide whether the being before you in the form of a man, with all the characteristics of a man—whether he is a man or a beast. Do you want twelve men to decide that question? And if the decision chance to be in favour of the master, do you mean to give him up as a beast? The statute implies all this. You pledge yourselves that if the evidence is sufficient to prove that the person claimed was a chattel, and belonged to his claimant, you will render a verdict in favour of that claimant, and in accordance with that verdict give the claimed up to the claimant to be held as a slave. We do not want testimony to prove that men cannot be legitimately herded with four-footed beasts. We can come to right conclusions without this. Do we wish to employ an advocate to appeal to the minds of the jury in order to prove that men cannot, in accordance with the principles of true republicanism and Christianity, be degraded to the condition of slaves? We know this now. We need neither testimony nor argument to convince us of this truth. But all this is merely an attempt to protect the rights of those persons who may be wrongly charged—not to protect those who have been once in bondage; and we have pledged ourselves to accept of it as a matter of law. We are thus implicated in the guilt of slaveholding. If we send one person back into slavery, or pledge ourselves to do it, we are not only subjecting one man to slavery, but we consent to fasten the fetters upon all others.

It is said that whatever may be the terms of the law, it is the real purpose of the Legislature to make the law effective in preventing any recapture of slaves; that if we require evidence that the man claimed is a slave, the first effect will be, few persons will incur the expense and inconvenience of prosecuting; and the next effect will be, very few cases which are tried will be sustained. Now, if there be a claim the slaveholder may legitimately make, and, having made, is able to maintain it, it is certainly our duty to grant the claim. If the object of the bill is to defeat a just claim, this furnishes a new objection to the bill. On the other hand, if it be right for us to reject any claim of this character, then it is fair and manly for us to reject it not by indirection, but by open and avowed effort. If the bondman ought not to be returned, let us defeat in an open manner any attempt to do it.

The same editor to whom I have alluded denies the justice of our charge against the Republican party, namely, that they are giving strength and countenance to slavery. "Such men," he says, "as Wilson, Chase, Sumner and Giddings are not giving aid and countenance to slavery when they stand up in Congress, and pour out their denunciations against the system." I grant they are helping in the agitation of slavery, and striking heavy blows against the Slave Power; but, at the same time, they are counteracting their efforts in behalf of the slave by continuing to uphold the Union, and the necessary conditions of that Union. Not a man of them all has ever declared his dissent to the common interpretation of the Constitution, which requires the surrender of fugitive slaves. They differ only in regard to the manner of executing this provision. If there is no authority which binds us to enact or enforce such a bill, or to aid the slaveholder in any way in returning his slave, if the only grant the Constitution makes to the slaveholder is simply a right to come here, and take his slave if he can, without our aid, I answer this is enough to constitute Massachusetts a slaveholder. No human power has a right to take a man from Massachusetts, upon any pretext whatever, without her consent. When the slaveholder comes here, he comes under the authority of Massachusetts law. When Massachusetts has ratified a law which opens the door to the kidnapper, then is she responsible for that which follows in consequence of this action. It is clear, then, that any man who helps to support this Union, and the necessary conditions of the Union, helps to keep the slave in his chains in Carolina, notwithstanding his efforts to the contrary. A man may try to lift a trap-door, but his standing on that door will prevent the accomplishment of his object.

I am reminded that the Legislature of Massachusetts are now considering a bill, making it a crime to hold a slave in Massachusetts, punishable by a fine of ten thousand dollars, or imprisonment of ten years. The design of the law is to prevent the enforcement of the Dred Scott decision, and so far it is right. If Massachusetts will refuse to recognise this decision as law, I shall rejoice. But suppose we make the crime of slaveholding in Massachusetts a punishable offence—does that prevent the slave of Carolina from being dragged back into bondage? I hope that Gov. Gardner will not fail to thrust Judge Loring from office, and that the Legislature will pass this bill. When all is done, we only stand where we stood twenty-five years ago; nay, lower. You have not abolished the Fugitive Slave bill, nor secured freedom to Kansas or Texas. Thus we are, by virtue of our Union, connected with slavery as allies and supporters thereof.

Men say that we can abolish slavery without abolishing the Union. I have no right to continue in partnership with thieves; I must withdraw from such partnership, and then I can with a clean hand rebuke my associates. This ought to be a sufficient answer to those who mean to be guided by moral principle rather than expediency. To be true to principle, and consistent with reason, we must refuse to sanction this slavery-perpetuating Union. If each man separately is bound to avow his purpose to prevent the recapture of slaves, the same men while acting together should avow the same purpose. If every citizen North is bound to make it known to the South that when a slave reaches a free State, he shall be treated as a freeman, the same declaration should be made in legislative halls, as well as by public meetings and newspapers. When you make this declaration through the Governor's proclamation and legislative enactments, that instant you cut the cord that binds you to the Union. The Union is what the parties to it understand it to mean. Can you escape that conclusion? Then, either be true to humanity and faithful to to the slave, by dissolving the Union, or, on the other hand, by continuing the Union, be false to humanity and to God!

SPEECH OF PARKER PILLSBURY.

MR. PILLSBURY said that his connection with the Anti-Slavery movement commenced twenty years ago; and during that time he had been a constant observer of events that had transpired in this country. He was at that time connected with a theological institution—not the most favourable position in which to view the Anti-Slavery movement, yet he well remembered an address delivered in the Anti-Slavery Convention in 1837, by Mr. Garrison, containing some startling predictions, which his associates themselves could scarcely believe. They regarded him as a young man, with more zeal, perhaps, than knowledge, and with a good deal more determination and resolution than discretion and wisdom. In that address was the prediction of the annexation of Texas and the events which were to follow in its train. Very few of his friends supposed such an event possible; none but the Abolitionists believed the Slave Power competent to perform such a work as that of the dismemberment of a sister State and the annexation of it to this Republic. Then came the prophecy of the degradation of the Northern people, in consequence of this measure; the organization of the Slave Power in the government; and, finally, the war with Mexico. In 1837, nobody thought Texas could become a part of the Union; the Democratic party even could not believe it; but the occurrence has taken place, and, as a consequence, the degradation of the people of the North.

I believe it to be true that a people when losing their liberty are never conscious of it. Rome was never more boastful of her liberty than during the hundred years it was rapidly passing away; and on the very day she resigned her sceptre, she was filled with boasting patriots as before. I never could understand how slaves could be happy in their condition till I learned the submission of the North to the South. In 1838 and 1839 annexation was looked upon as an event likely to occur, though in 1841 the Whig and Democratic parties at the North were still in unbelief; but in 1843 the Whig party began to open its eyes; and at that time originated in Boston a type of Whigism known as "Conscience Whigs." This party issued a manifesto, calling upon the people of the North, rather than submit to annexation, to dash the Union in pieces. The whole Whig party responded to the sentiment, and for a time these opponents to the administration really seemed ready to dissolve the Union, rather than the Republic of Mexico should be dismembered, and made slave territory under the United States Government. In 1844–5 the Democratic party came into power; and in 1846 the measure of annexation was carried; and the degradation may date from that time, as the commencement of a new era. Then followed the war with Mexico, in exact fulfilment of the prediction to which I have referred. The Whig party sat up nights, and ransacked the vocabulary of language to find terms with which to curse that war. They cursed it in the name of all the gods of liberty, and religion, and with every oath they were able to invent; yet this party selected Gen. Taylor, the chief actor in that war, and, by a "spontaneous combustion," made him President of the United States. From that time the degradation of the American people has become more and more apparent. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise followed; and the prophets of the Republican party are now praying, as the highest desire of their souls, that there may be a millenial return to them of that old compromise—a compromise so infamous that Henry Clay, with all his eloquence, was scarcely able to impose it upon the country. All those predictions have transpired with such accuracy that, had the author of them lived in the days of Jeremiah, we should now have—I know not how many books of prophecy. If we had sat on the Mount of Vision, and predicted all those events which have since transpired, and which are but the legitimate offspring of slavery, we should have met with the same treatment which honoured the martyrs of past ages.

Having foretold these events—the annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850—there is still another chapter of horrors to be read. The original Missouri Compromise gave only half the country to slavery; its repeal gave up the whole? Then came the scenes enacted in Kansas, by the Slave Power pouring out its vials of wrath upon that unhappy land; and then the outrage in the Congress of the United States, in which a Senator from Massachusetts was smitten down by ruffian blows, and his blood staining the floor of the Senate Chamber. The victim is borne away senseless, while the ruffian goes home, receives every mark of honour at the hands of his constituents, and sweet kisses from a thousand lips, and is then returned to his place in Congress without a dissenting voice!

Then followed the election of James Buchanan, and the decision of the Supreme Court in reference to the case of Dred Scott—all these in quick succession. And when all this has been done, the leader of the best political party the country can furnish—standing as it were in the blood of Sumner, and in presence of his empty chair, the South pouring in upon him every form of insult and outrage—styling him "a mean, empty-headed Natick cobler," and his constituency "a miserable conglomeration of greasy mechanics and moon-struck theorists"—rises in his place, and, bowing gracefully, declares that Mass

it. Now, let it be borne in mind (said Mr. R.) that while I believe the decision to be consistent with the spirit and purpose of the framers of the American Constitution, I am not here to concur in it, but to say that I hold the decision, and the man who made it, in inexpressible contempt. If there is one man more fitting than another to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water—more fitting to have the initials of a master's name branded into his cheek—to live out the most miserable existence fated to a human being—if there be a man who, in the language of Byron, should "not find a shelter in the wilderness, a home on earth, a grave in the dust, nor receive a blessing from heaven, but who deserves a resting-place in hell itself"—that man is Judge Taney. To this extent I am in unison with that celebrity, and in harmony with his decision—no further. "No Union with Slaveholders"—the motto of this Society—I hold to be coincident with a dissolution of the Union; and I have no higher or holier mission here than to labour to accomplish this object, as the only means of saving the American people, and the only institutions in our land worth saving. It matters little whether we have one railroad or a hundred; whether we shall have one bank or a thousand; whether American genius shall be recognised in Great Britain; whether American literature shall be felt on the Continent of Europe; whether American seamen, as against British seamen, shall make the most rapid passages across the Atlantic; or whether American generals shall out-general French generals. But it does matter whether the American Revolution shall ever be completed; and whether these monuments, erected to mark the spot where men bled and died for liberty, shall be so many insults to the poor and oppressed of this land, or whether they shall be monuments around which shall cluster a pure Democracy and a genuine Christianity.

We are here to urge the claims of the oppressed of the land, though they may be as ignorant as Hottentots, or as barbarous as the barbarians of Barbary. The time is coming when the glorious picture of the American Union and American patriotism, so beautifully and eloquently drawn by such men as Webster, Seward and Everett, will be scouted as it deserves to be.

When Mr. Phillips declared that, among the obstacles to the anti-slavery cause, the most prominent was prejudice against colour—who will deny it? Why is not the Northern press a convert? simply because it is fashionable to regard coloured men as objects to be despised.

Mr. R. said that he was glad the Union is in jeopardy; that such men as Choate, Winthrop, and others of the same clan, had lost their own liberty in contempt of his; that freedom is prostrate in Kansas; and he hoped that Toombs would soon be seen in Boston, cracking his whip, not over the heads of black men, but of living white men and women; for then the chains of the black slave will be broken. He was glad that the richest man in Boston dare not go to Charleston, South Carolina. In Washington, Newfoundland dogs have, in some cases, been trained to carry the mail from one point of the city to another, while it is against the law for a negro to touch the reins of horses used for that purpose! Not long since, a gentleman remarked that he should like to see me in the streets of Charleston, for he should be likely to see some fun. But, said I, "Go there yourself, and act as a freeman should, and I shall see fun also." His wife, who was present, said that was too true. Not long since, while travelling there, her husband dared not record upon the books of the hotel the name of the State to which he belonged! If a merchant of the old aristocratic Bay State dare not write *Massachusetts* under his name in Charleston, don't tell me there are not others interested in the cause of anti-slavery besides the black man!

Mr. R. said he had not strength to extend his remarks. He would simply say that, if there was a person within the sound of his voice whose mind was not made up as to his duty with reference to the anti-slavery cause as promulgated from this platform, and seen in the resolutions presented for our consideration, let that person go South, and endeavour to carry out that idea of human liberty as expressed in the Declaration of Independence; and if he don't see the necessity of adopting the motto, "No Union with Slaveholders," though I were an angel of light, he would not be convinced.

SPEECH OF REV. ANDREW T. FOSS.

Mr. Foss said, that to him slavery was a self-evident wrong; and whatever strength and ability he possessed, he should devote in denouncing it. There is nothing in it which commends it to the conscience and the affections; and if it were left unsustained by the goverment, the religion and the institutions of the land, it would fall. It is our duty to remove, as far as possible, the influences which support this great iniquity. I have (said Mr. F.) fault to find with the clergy of our land. From the outset, they have opposed our movement, and are more or less complicated with the wrong. Beecher and Cheever speak brave words for liberty, but they stand directly connected with the Slave Power, and fellowship it as a Christian institution. Beecher fellowships "South-Side" Adams as a Christian minister, but horse-thieves and pick-pockets are rejected. I hold it to be more necessary to criticise Cheever than Adams; the latter needs no criticism; he stands the devil confessed—the horns and hoof all exposed—while Cheever claims to be anti-slavery, and what he preaches means slavery. The people of this country do not regard slavery as a crime. They do not feel that it is a great social and political wrong. They do not believe it, and the great work of the Anti-Slavery Society is to convince them of this truth. When this is done, the crime of man-stealing will be treated like other great crimes.

Dr. Waterbury says the Church needs repose! Agitation is not favourable to piety! Godliness does not consist in delivering four millions of slaves from their bonds, and giving them the privilege of reading the Bible! Now, I believe heaven begins here; I believe in a working heaven; and I know of no greater or better heaven than in working for the elevation of our race. For fear I may be misapprehended, I want to say that I have no regard for or fellowship with the religion of the land—I utterly repudiate it. Nor do I fellowship the government. The government is the offspring of the religion of the land. Both are responsible for the existence of slavery.

I have some fault to find with the political parties of the day. The Democratic party is composed of two classes—knaves and fools. Cushing and Hallett belong to the former class; Tom, Dick and Harry to the latter. I would not attempt to convert such men as Cushing and Hallett; they would not stick if we did; for they once professed to be friends of the Anti-Slavery cause. I do not wish to convert them, but let them remain where they belong. I have no criticism for the Democratic party: it stands undisguised. There are honest men in the party, but they do not control it.

The rank and file of the Republican party are honest men; they suppose they are working effectually for the overthrow of slavery. The speeches of Wilson and Hale, last Winter, are so apologetic in reference to the course they are pursuing, containing as they do so many promises of good behaviour and fealty to the Union, that I am led to doubt the honesty of these men. Hale went to Congress a noble man. He returns with the physical man reduced, and his soul is shriveled. His speech last Winter has done more to delay emancipation than any speech he has ever made has helped it. I am pained at the conduct of these men. This party came before the world, and said—no, they did not exactly say that it was anti-slavery—individuals in that party say this, but as a party they deny it. It reminds me of a poor Englishman, who wished an abatement of church taxes. He applied to each of the proper officers separately, and obtained their consent to abate; but when they came to act in their corporate capacity, they were unanimous against the measure. Separately, Republicans would give no aid to slavery; no pledge to put down slave insurrections. All together, they send Anthony Burns into slavery. The Republican party are deceiving the community and themselves. They believe they are aiding the cause of the slave, but they are actually drawing off the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the land. This party taps our canal, and we have no water to turn the wheel which is to work the redemption of the slave. This party is more dangerous to liberty and the cause of the slave than any other party that has ever existed in the land. The Democratic party says, "Let slavery go into the Territories; let slave depôts be erected in Boston; let slavery have its own way." But the Republican party says, "No! Let slavery live in South Carolina, and we will protect it there." They are for continuing this Union; they are willing to make concessions, and support such as now exist, in favour of slavery; in short, they want to get the machine of government into their own hands. No machinery can produce any other work than that for which it was made. Run this machine of government the next seven years, and, Republicans! you will do no better with it than did your ancestors. I complain then, of this party, because it is leading the anti-slavery sentiment astray. It is doing far more harm to the cause than the Democratic party, because it raises a false issue, which is not done by the Democratic party.

I know not what is to follow. We acquiesce in whatever the Slave Power sees fit to impose upon us. Texas is annexed; Mexico is invaded, and her citizens butchered; the Fugitive Slave Law is passed and executed in Boston; the Kansas Nebraska law is enacted, and the freemen of Kansas are outraged and murdered. Now we have the Dred Scott decision, and we still acquiesce! There will be, within five years, a slave depôt established in the city of New York. Ships are now being fitted, constantly, from that port for the slave traffic on the African coast. We submit, for we have not spirit enough to resist. We are non-resistants, not from principle, but from sordid considerations alone. Until we are ready to sacrifice every interest to the cause of the slave, our efforts for his redemption will not succeed—till then, our labours will be in vain.

Judge Lynch.—While one of the Supreme Judges was recently staying at Paris he went to visit a French professor. The Frenchman asked the stranger a number of questions, and among the rest, "Where do you live?" "In California." "Well," said the rude Gaul, "what is your occupation?" "I am a Judge of the Supreme Court." "Oh, ah!" returned the Frenchman, "then I need not ask your name; it is *Lynch*, eh?"

THE MAN-HUNT IN OHIO.

STATE vs. FEDERAL OFFICIALS.

STRONG EVIDENCE AGAINST THE UNITED STATES MARSHAL AND HIS POSSE.

From The Cincinnati Commercial and Cincinnati Gazette.

WEDNESDAY, June 10, 1857.

The trial of the writ of habeas corpus sued out before Judge Leavitt to procure the release of the United States Marshals, who were held under State process, for violating State laws, came up, pursuant to adjournment, yesterday.

MR. PUGH WANTS ANOTHER JUDGE KANE DECISION.

Mr. Pugh, counsel for the United States Marshal, stated that, after the affidavits for the Sheriffs were read, he wished an opportunity to present rebutting testimony. Mr. Good, counsel for Sheriff Layton, proposed to read the affidavit of Hiram Guttridge, one of the persons arrested by the United States Deputy Marshal.

Mr. Pugh objected that Mr. Guttridge stood in contempt before this Court by his non-appearance, and his affidavit should not be read. He regarded it as similar to the case of Passmore Williamson, whom Judge Kane held in contempt.

Judge Leavitt thought the cases were not similar, and that the objection, though it might go against Mr. Guttridge's credibility, did not militate against his admissibility. He decided to admit the testimony of the parties arrested by the United States Marshals.

THE DEPUTY MARSHAL'S STORY.

It will be remembered that, on the former trial, Elliott, United States Deputy Marshal, swore that when the arrests were made, the warrants were read in full; that when called on by a Justice of the Peace, they permitted him to examine the warrants, and he decided them correct; that when overtaken the United States officers used no violent language; that several shots were fired by Compton before the United States officers returned the fire; that there was no violence to the Sheriff at Vienna, and that there was no announcement of his authority made by Sheriff Layton, when he and Compton came up with them. These points were to be disproved by affidavits, which were read.

GUTTRIDGE DISPROVES IT—A DRUNKEN POSSE.

Hiram Guttridge deposed that when arrested, the warrant was not read, and the United States Marshal refused to tell him the charge, but said they would do so at Urbana. Affiant got 'Squire Fowler to ask what the charge was. Fowler did so, but Church refused, saying they should know at Urbana. They started to go there, but had only gone five or six miles when they turned off toward the south; instead of west, to Urbana; that they were followed by two of Mr. Guttridge's neighbours, who wished to know what was going to be done to their friend; those persons following were Messrs. Rutan and Colwell; that one of the United States Marshals (Churchill) went back and demanded why Messrs. Rutan and Colwell were following. Mr. Colwell was struck by one of the Marshals, and struck at three times. The Marshal said, several times, as they went along, that no writ of habeas corpus should be served while they were alive. All the United States posse were under the influence of liquor—Churchill least so of any. They refused to let the friends of the prisoners see them, as also they refused 'Squire Clarke. When Sheriff Layton came up with the United States posse, he said he had a writ, and was the Sheriff of that County. Mr. Compton, who assisted the Sheriff, was fired at twice before he tried to fire in return; Sheriff Layton was badly beaten, from two to five men being on him, and as many on Mr. Compton. When Messrs. Rutan and Colwell were ordered back, affiant begged them not to turn back, as he was afraid he was going to be assassinated. Saw Taylor, one of the prisoners, seized by the hair of the head, hand-cuffed, and ordered to "keep his d—d abolition mouth shut."

THE UNITED STATES OFFICIALS PULL HAIR AND CHOKE "THE D——D POOLS."

A. P. Joiner testified to the circumstances of Guttridge's arrest, his asking what he was taken for, and the refusal of the United States Marshals to tell.

Russell Hyde testified that he was arrested at Mechanicsburgh by Elliott, who read a line or two at the top and the same at the bottom of the writ—but he did not read it all, and refused to let it be seen. The affidavit detailed the going to Urbana, the turning off when they had gone four or five miles, the ordering Rutan and Colwell not to follow, Rutan saying "they were going to see fair play," the striking of Colwell, his drawing his pistol, 'Squire Rutan preventing his firing it, the Marshals drawing their pistols, and Taylor begging his neighbours not to stop behind. The affiant then said one of the United States posse seized Taylor's arms, another his hair, and a third his throat, while they handcuffed him, and went on to detail the assault on Sheriff Layton and Mr. Compton, and the remark made by one of the posse that "these men (Layton and Compton) must be d—d fools to attempt to stop them with two men, and the next time they would not get off so easily."

RESISTING A HABEAS CORPUS WITH PISTOLS.

Charles Taylor, one of those arrested by the United States posse, made affidavit to very nearly the same circumstances as the last affiant stated. Heard one of the Marshals address Mr. Rutan with, "What the devil are you following us for?" Rutan said, "to see justice done to my neighbours." Affiant appealed to Rutan not to stop behind. He (affiant) was then seized and abused. Churchill said, "G—d d—n you, put these handcuffs on." Affiant appealed to acquaintances whom they passed to get a habeas corpus, to ascertain why he was held. Churchill said they would obey no habeas corpus. Affiant then detailed the beating of Sheriff Layton and Compton. Compton was struck and shot at before he drew his pistol, Churchill said "they would not submit to a habeas corpus, and a regiment could n't take them." Layton was badly beaten by deponent, who began to plead that he only wished to know the charge against him, and that he is a peaceable citizen, holding himself amenable to legal process.

THE U. S. MARSHAL REFUSES TO SHOW HIS WRIT.

Edward Taylor deposed to the reading of only a line or two of the writ, by the United States Deputy Marshal—his refusal to show the writ—his promises to give a chance at Urbana—his turning off to go south—the threats to Rutan and Colwell if they did not turn back—the appeals of Charles Taylor to Rutan, and the abuse and shackling of Charles. Affiant also deposed that when the prisoners were in charge of the United States posse at Vienna, Elliott said, "Don't let them move; if they do, shoot them." The United States posse were all intoxicated at Vienna. He then detailed the affair with Sheriff Layton, who, on coming up with them, said, "I am Sheriff of Clark County." One of the Marshals said, "Where is your authority?" Sheriff Layton said, "Hold on, and I will show it to you." This was amid cries of "Shoot him," "Kill him," &c. One was going to shoot the Sheriff, but was prevented, and for this cursed him.

Walter G. Fowler, Justice of the Peace, at the request of the prisoners, asked to see the Marshal's writs, but, though shown papers with the prisoners' names indorsed on the back, was not allowed to read the writ itself.

David T. Jones, Justice of the Peace, deposed to the same fact as Mr. Fowler, and that when asked to allow his warrants to be seen, Churchill said, "I'll be d—d if you see them," and did not show them.

BY-STANDERS POUNDED AND THREATENED FOR FOLLOWING AND LOOKING ON.

Benton Buffington deposed that he and three others were compelled, by threats and violence, to cease going in the same direction as the United States posse, although there had been no attempt to rescue, and only four persons following. Affiant believed the prisoners were being kidnapped.

Oliver Colwell deposed to his following the United States posse, with Mr. Rutan, to see what was going to be done with their neighbours. Was told by Marshals they should not do it, or else they "would get a d—d whipping." He also detailed their striking him, and his drawing a pistol, but being prevented by Mr. Rutan from firing it.

David Rutan deposed to facts corroborating Mr. Colwell in every particular.

DODGING THE SHERIFF.

John Clark, Sheriff of Champaign County, deposes that a writ of habeas corpus had been put into his hands, but the Marshals got out of his County before he could serve it. He conversed with them, and they said they expected the service of another habeas corpus.

POLITE DEPORTMENT OF THE U. S. GENTLEMEN.

William Downey deposed to going with the Sheriff to serve the habeas corpus, to being addressed by Elliott with "You are a G—d d—d scoundrel, and I have a mind to cut your guts out"; and shortly afterward, when the affiant asked the reason of this violence, "You are a G—d d—d scoundrel, and I have a notion to cut you to pieces"; also threatening to cut affiant if "he opened his d—d mouth." Affiant had taken no part in the arrest or the affair.

HOW DRUNK THE MARSHALS WERE—THIRTY DRINKS IN ONE TOWN.

L. E. Sprague in Vienna heard Churchill say he did n't "care how many writs of habeas corpus were got out, but he would only be stopped by force." Some of the Marshals were intoxicated; affiant heard one of them tell Elliott that if the deputies drank much more, they would be unfit for business; Elliott told the landlord not to give them any more liquor; they were all drunk enough to be reckless in the use of arms.

Caleb Barrett deposed to telling the Marshals at Vienna that the people were law-abiding; one of the Marshals boasted that he "had caught the first nigger in Ohio under the Fugitive Slave law"; several of them said they did n't regard a writ of habeas corpus more than a piece of brown paper; affiant confirmed all Downey said about the language used to him when Downey said he wanted to give Taylor some money, but afterward refused. The Marshals were charged thirty drinks of liquor while they were stopping in Vienna.

James Wallingford corroborated the last affiant, and said the Marshals were noisy, boisterous and profane; all of them were under the influence of liquor, and half of them very drunk. Affiant heard them say they would pay no regard to habeas corpus from a State Court.

BEATING AND SHOOTING THE SHERIFF.

Wm. H. Compton deposed that he was Deputy Marshal of Springfield, and went with Sheriff Layton to serve the writ of habeas corpus. When they overtook the Marshals, Sheriff Layton called out, "Hold on—stop your horses—I am the Sheriff of Clark County, and have a writ." Some called out to "go to hell," and others to "drive on." Affiant tried to catch one of the horses attached to one of the buggies belonging to one of the United States posse. Affiant was struck, and then fired at twice; tried to return the fire, but found there were no caps on the pistol. The Sheriff was tying his horse, and some of the United States posse cried out, "Kill the d—d s—s of b——s." Affiant detailed the whole assaulting and beating of the Sheriff. When the Marshals had beaten Mr. Layton, they demanded his authority. He said, "Let me go, and I will show it to you." When he put his hand in his pocket for the writ, some said not to let him draw a pistol, and Churchill struck him. A constable commanded the peace, but the Marshals paid no regard to him, and, after beating Layton and affiant, drove off, cursing and threatening. Sheriff Layton became very sick, and had to be taken to a hotel, and then a telegraphic despatch was sent to Green County to intercept the Marshals. Affiant is certain his pistol did not go off.

Junius Brown detailed the beating of Sheriff Layton, corroborating Mr. Compton's testimony.

Gideon Landacre corroborated Compton's testimony, and was positive Compton drew his pistol after he was shot at, and that his (Compton's) pistol did not go off at all.

T. Z. Nichols corroborated Compton's affidavit. Saw the Sheriff held by three men and then struck by another on the head with a Colt. The Sheriff wanted to show the writ, but they would n't let him.

Hester A. Landacre corroborated Compton's testimony, and said the Sheriff called out three times to stop, before Compton seized the horses. Saw the Sheriff bleeding, when he got the chance to read the writ as the Marshals were going off after beating him.

E. G. Coffin saw the Constable commanding the peace, and corroborated the preceding affidavits. Heard Churchill say "they might come on as quick as they d—d please." Affiant assisted in the final arrest of the Marshals, at Lumberton, on a warrant from 'Squire Houston. He found the Marshals well armed. Compton's pistol was still loaded when taken from the Marshals, not having been fired off.

Greenfield Doolay corroborated Compton as to the Marshals shooting first.

Thomas E. Jones was corroborator of the same point.

John Haigns did the same.

James P. Edwards did the same; the shots were from the United States posse as the Sheriff rode up.

Michael Way corroborated Mr. Coffin and Mrs. Landacre.

SHERIFF LAYTON DANGEROUSLY HURT.

Dr. Houston said that Sheriff Layton was roughly handled and severely hurt—was much exhausted after the difficulty, and had to be supported by several men.

Dr. Henry C. Foster deposed that he had professionally called upon Sheriff Layton, and found his chief injury in the left breast, causing hemorrhage. He may never recover, and is now unable to attend to business, from the injuries then received. He should not have come down to Cincinnati when he did last week; it was very imprudent.

WHAT KIND OF WRITS THE MARSHALS USED.

Joseph McIntyre is Deputy Sheriff of Clark County; had had delivered to him eight revolvers, two single-barrelled pistols and two billies; all of the Marshals were armed—some of them had two revolvers.

MORE DODGING AND VIOLENCE.

H. M. Guttridge, deposed that he was told the Marshals wished to get to the Ohio River to avoid a habeas corpus.

Charles Taylor deposed to their examining maps and making inquiries as to the distance and direction of the Ohio river. [This testimony seemed aimed to show an attempt to kidnap from the State, or at least such an appearance.—Rep.]

Charles Taylor deposed that, when arrested, Churchill told him he would be taken to Urbana to have the matter investigated; but after going six miles, the prisoners were taken south, instead of west to Urbana. Two neighbours, named David Rutan and O. P. Colwell, followed to see the result. The capturing party asked "What the devil they were following for?" Rutan replied, "To see justice done to his neighbours." Churchill and his party used oaths and threats of violence if Rutan and Colwell did not turn back, and one struck Colwell. He (Taylor) says, when arrested, he was fearful of personal violence, and appealed to Rutan to follow; that he (Taylor) was seized by the arms and hair, and shaken violently by the arms and head, the attacking party swearing and threatening him with further harm. Further violence was also threatened and used.

The Court then took a recess until 3 o'clock p. m.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

At the opening of Court in the afternoon, Mr. O'Neil asked a discontinuance of the case until this morning at 10 o'clock, to enable the defence to prepare rebutting evidence. This was allowed and Court adjourned.

THE COUNSEL.

The attorneys appearing in the case are Messrs. Rodney Mason, James C. Good and Attorney-General Wolcott, for the Sheriff, and Messrs. Geo. E. Pugh (U. S. Senator), John O'Neil, Stanley Matthews, and C. L. Vallandigham (Member of Congress), for the United States Marshals.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11—MORNING SESSION.

TESTIMONY OF THE UNITED STATES MARSHALS.

The Court met at 9 o'clock, and, after some delay, the affidavits of the United States Marshals were separately read, which affirmed that the writs for the arrest of Chas. Taylor, Edward Taylor, Russell Hyde and Hiram Guthrie were read; that they had proceeded in the case as became officers under the circumstances; that they were not drunk or disorderly; and that the affray at South Charleston was provoked by the friends of the men they had in charge. John Puffenberger, one of the Marshals, testified that Charles Taylor, while in the vehicle with him, called upon some women along the road to obtain assistance to rescue him and his fellow-prisoners, and declared, as a number of the other Marshals had said before him, that the facts as alleded by E. P. Churchill he knew to be true.

Churchill's deposition and that of the Marshal, which we have before given, amounts substantially to this: The U. S. Marshals went to Mechanicsburgh and arrested Russell Hyde and others, and took them toward Urbana, a number of people following; they then changed their route to Springfield, in Clark County, and on the way met the Sheriff of Champaign County, who admitted he had a writ of habeas corpus, but could not use it, as they were out of his county. They afterward started for Charleston in three carriages and a buggy, Churchill and Elliott in the latter. The Sheriff of Clarke County and Wm. H. Compton came up and intercepted them, Compton leaping out of his vehicle and catching at the reins. Elliott struck him with a whip; the Sheriff of Clarke County called upon Compton to shoot. Compton pulled the trigger and the first cap exploded, but the second barrel of his revolver was discharged. Neither the Sheriff nor Compton made himself known in a positive, intelligible way. The Sheriff had a pistol in his hand, and the U. S. Marshals, in trying to get it away, used him roughly. After he was deprived of his pistol, he said he would show his authority, but did not. The U. S. Marshals again changed their route to get out of the way of any crowd or mob who might, with superior numbers, be able to rescue the prisoners. They went to Lumberton, in Clinton County, where fifty or sixty persons, all armed, came upon the Marshals and compelled them to surrender. One of his party was the Sheriff of Green County. All of the Marshals were arrested except Buncker and Starr, and taken to Xenia, thence to South Charleston, and thence to Springfield, where they offered bail to the Probate Judge, who refused it, and they were kept in jail all day. On the day following they gave bail, which had been raised from $1,000 to $1,500, and were again arrested and taken before the Court, when, as they waived examination, they were once more incarcerated, and only released upon the writ of habeas corpus. The four prisoners they held were liberated on habeas corpus, but, as the Marshals were in prison, they could not appear to answer the writ.

F. Ganson deposed that he thought he saw Wm. M. Compton fire one barrel of a revolver; and the man who washed the buggy in which Churchill and Elliott were testified that he found one of the spokes in one of the front wheels splintered by a bullet.

MOTION OF POSTPONEMENT.

Attorney-General Walcott thought that his side could furnish evidence that would rebut that given by the Marshals, if sufficient time were granted. He therefore asked the Judge to adjourn the Court. George H. Pugh, Esq., objected to this, on personal and legal grounds, and the Court decided that, as the Marshal's evidence was rebuttive to what had been given by the State, a suspension of business to furnish time to rebut the rebuttive would be contrary to custom, and exceedingly inconvenient.

The Attorney-General said he had received a telegraph from the Governor, announcing that his presence was imperatively required at Columbus, and that he would be compelled to leave on the evening train.

It was agreed between the opposing counsel that the Attorney-General should make his argument upon any day after his return.

ARGUMENT OF GEO. E. PUGH, ESQ.

The argument was then opened by George E. Pugh, Esq., for the United States Marshals. He said this case was one of the utmost importance and gravest consideration, and contended that any United States officer arrested for carrying out the laws of the United States can be released by a writ of habeas corpus from a United States Court.

Here, as it was after 1 o'clock, the Court rose until 3 in the afternoon.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Mr. Pugh resumed his speech. The act of 1833, he said, forbid the Marshal to obey the order of a State Judge, and, as construed by the Pennsylvania Judges, forbid the Judges to give such an order. He referred to the decision in the Rosetta case, and the Wisconsin Judges. He contended that the proceedings were invalid under the United States laws, and void under the laws of Ohio.

This whole proceeding, he said, almost amounted to treason, to an armed resistance to the laws of the United States.

MR. MASON'S SPEECH.

Mr. Mason said he agreed with the gentleman who had preceded him, in the vast importance of this case. No former question of collision between the State and National officers had presented just such a question as this. This case presents the pure question, whether the officers of the United States, having violated the laws of the State, are responsible to the Courts of this State, or to those of the United States. That was the naked question. The only question involved was the conduct of the Marshal toward the Sheriff of Clarke County. A writ was put into the hands of the Sheriff of Clarke County, and it was his duty to serve it. He had no official information of the character of the persons he was to arrest. The writ was issued by a proper officer on proper information, and the Sheriff was not the judge to decide on the innocence or guilt of the persons to be arrested.

The Courts of the United States had conceded to the State Courts the right to require the United States officers to show the power by which they acted. But these petty officers looked with contempt on a process of a State Court. Our State Courts emanate from the same power as the National Courts, and shine by their own light. We are under a double allegiance, and we should respect, honour and obey the tribunals of each.

The only question for determination here was whether these persons, having committed an offence in Clarke County, should be held for trial in that County before the Courts of the State, whose laws they had violated.

The next point was the extent to which a Judge of the United States Court, sitting on a case of habeas corpus, could overrule the decisions of a State Court. He cited the decision of Judge Nelson that the United States officers must show their authority.

He denied that this affair is a conspiracy. The evidence of a conspiracy was on the other side. Twelve armed men went to a quiet rural village to capture four peaceful men. The law they went to execute was a harsh, cruel law. In enforcing it, they should at least have paid some respect to the feelings of the people. But they used unnecessary violence—refused to show their writ. The men arrested were peaceable, respectable men, and would have readily come had the officers showed their authority. Mr. M. analyzed the evidence at length, showing that the officers were harsh, and drunken, and abusive; that the Sheriff of Clarke County did announce his office and business, and that he was disregarded and abused. Subsequent events had nothing to do with the case.

He referred to the act passed by Congress in 1833. This was passed to meet the exigencies of South Carolina nullification. This had no application to this case. It was not against the laws of the United States for its officers to be required to show their authority, but it was in conformity with the decisions of its Courts for them so to do. The Sheriff of Clarke County required them to violate no law of the United States, but rather to obey them.

It belonged to our State Courts to decide on the guilt of these men. This Court could not discharge them without determining the question of their guilt.

When will this question of conflict of jurisdiction end if these men are discharged? If this Court decides that it must protect its officers in all their acts, the State Courts would claim equal power. Discharge these men, and what would be the next step? In their pride of power, they would have the Sheriff of Clarke County arrested for interfering with them The Court of that County would release the Sheriff on a writ of habeas corpus. This Court would call upon the President for force to execute its warrants. The State Court would call upon the Governor for force to execute its warrants. And then we should have civil war, with all its horrors. The only way was for each Court to respect the warrants of the other, and thus avoid all collisions.

The Hon. Mr. Mason closed his speech and the Court adjourned.

The decision was reserved.

FRIDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Stanley Matthews, Esq., addressed the Court at length on behalf of the United States Marshals, when the Court adjourned *sine die*.

The next session of the Court, says *The Cincinnati Gazette*, opens on Tuesday next. The coming week, probably, the argument will be closed.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1857.

DIVISION OF THE NEW SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The secession of the Southern wing of the New School Presbyterian Church is an event in which every clear-sighted friend of liberty must find cause for rejoicing and ground for hope as to the future of the great struggle which now convulses the land. We regard it, indeed, as the foreshadowing of that great and beneficent revolution which must ere long sever the unnatural and criminal political union between the free and the slaveholding States, and lead to the establishment of a Northern Republic upon the basis of Universal Liberty and Equality. It is a significant fact, that of all the so-called conservative Northern members of the Assembly, not one dared to stand with the South upon the final issue. Some of them laboured hard to effect a new compromise, but the slaveholders and the anti-slavery men were alike determined that the action of the Assembly, whatever form it might assume, should at least be unequivocal. The doughfaces, foiled in their efforts to bring a majority upon any middle ground, and not daring to go with their Southern brethren, were constrained to vote with the anti-slavery party for the measure which sundered the Church. That measure certainly falls far short of the requirements of a pure Christianity, but it had the effect of convincing the Southern members that they could not hope for peace so long as they adhered to the New School organization, leaving them no alternative but secession.

In looking over the debates which preceded this auspicious result we are struck with the fact, that the subject was considered far less in the light of principle than of expediency. Anti-slavery action was urged not so much from sympathy with the slave and regard for his rights as from a conviction that a refusal to take such action would impair the reputation of the Church and expose it to an outside pressure difficult if not impossible to resist. It is affirmed that the representatives from Northern Ohio pressed this latter consideration with great earnestness, even going so far as to threaten secession themselves in case the Assembly should fail to adopt some satisfactory measure. We have heard it stated by well-informed persons that the firmness of the Western Reserve was all that prevented the doughfaces, or moderate party, with the Philadelphia wire-pullers at their head, from carrying their favourite measure of compromise. It is on the Western Reserve that the Church has for years been exposed to the assaults of the Garrisonian Abolitionists and the hot fire of *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*, which accounts in part for the development of back-bone in that quarter. An anti-slavery reputation is indispensable to the success of a Church in that region.

The seceders would no doubt join the Old School Church if such a union could afford any certain protection against anti-slavery agitation. That Church has been able, for some years past, almost to ignore the question, but the division of the New School body will have a natural tendency to encourage Old School Presbyterians in many localities at the North to press their General Assembly for some sort of anti-slavery action. Dr. Ross and his associates will therefore proceed to organize a new Church, and it is by no means improbable that the Old School Presbyterians of the South may be eventually constrained to unite with it as the only means of protecting themselves from anti-slavery agitation.

We shall not be surprised if a portion of the New School Presbyterians of the North finally conclude to unite with their Southern brethren. All along the border, in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, the number is not small of those who will feel a strong inclination to go with the South instead of the North. Political affinities will exert a strong influence in this direction. The Philadelphia *Christian Observer*, which has all along been as completely Southern as any slaveholder could desire, denounces the Assembly's "Exposition of Principle and Duty" as "a highly exceptionable document, "an abolition measure," and closes an extended review in these words:

"The division which has thus been effected is, perhaps, for the best. The busy actors of the party that advocated the measure have annoyed our Assemblies ever since 1839. They have little or no sympathy with genuine Presbyterianism. They have been 'busy-bodies' for years, creating disturbance in the Church, in the American Board, then with the Tract Society, and then in reforming the Home Missionary Society. We do not impeach their motives; but they have *abolished* themselves—that is, they have destroyed their influence for any good purpose in the Southern half of our country, and *over the best minds of the Northern half*. It is natural that they should earnestly desire this action of the Assembly to sustain them at home. *They have repeatedly declared it their purpose to agitate, and agitate, and* AGITATE, until slavery is abolished, or the Union dissolved, and our country severed. In this state of the malady that affects their minds, it is perhaps desirable that those who would labour to evangelize the bond and the free, of every caste and colour, and to build up the waste places of Zion *in every latitude, and to diffuse the spirit of the Gospel and strengthen the bond of union between the different sections of our country, should be separated from them in the Church.*"

This looks as if the editor expected that the new Church would not be wholly confined to the South; and the following passage from another article in the same paper would seem to be intended to persuade the New School Presbyterians of Philadelphia to cut loose from the party which triumphed in the late General Assembly.

"Can our Philadelphia Churches strike hands with these noisy Abolitionists, and join them in their crusade against the South, against the Supreme Court, against the government of the country, and against their brethren holding opinions which the late Assembly 'earnestly condemns, as *dangerous and pernicious errors*'? We presume that the great majority in our Churches have no taste or relish for these strange ebullitions of fanaticism and folly, which are poured forth whenever these agitators can find an opportunity for the display of their superior *wisdom*."

We shall watch carefully the movements of all the parties and cliques in the New School Church and keep our readers informed of their sayings and doings.

Treason of the Covenanters.—When Addison, the fugitive slave, made his escape from the U. S. Marshal and his posse of villains, at Mechanicsburgh, in Champaign County, Ohio, the other day, the Old School Covenanters were holding their General Synod at Northwood, in the adjoining County of Logan. The friends of the fugitive, aware of the uncompromising hostility of this religious body to slavery and slave-catching, rightly judged that he would find among its members the sympathy and aid which he so much needed at that critical juncture. They accordingly took him at once to Northwood, and the Synod, on being informed of the facts in the case, took up for him a public contribution and sent him on towards Canada. We learn these facts from a member of the Synod, the Rev. Mr. Sloane, of this city, whose manly speech at the recent anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be long remembered to his honour. God bless the Covenanters, say we, and keep them ever brave and true, that their example may rebuke the pro-slavery sects by which they are surrounded.

ANOTHER SLAVE-HUNT IN CINCINNATI.

A telegraphic despatch from Cincinnati, June 13th, says: "This forenoon, as four of the U. S. Deputy Marshals were arresting a fugitive slave and his wife, the slave stabbed one of them, Mr. J. C. Elliott, with a long sword knife, upon which another of the Marshals shot the slave in the abdomen four times. The negroes were then taken into custody. The marshal's wound is dangerous, and the negro's is considered to be mortal. The affray occurred in a room in Vine street, near the Post-Office, where the negroes were secreted."

No one, except a thorough Non-Resistant, can blame the fugitive for standing in defence of his liberty and that of his wife. The Marshal is entitled to little sympathy, because if he were an honourable man he would resign his office rather than engage in a slave-hunt.

After the above was in type we received the following account of the affair.

From The Cincinnati Commercial, June 15.

About ten o'clock Saturday morning a bloody affair took place on Vine street, east side, a few doors above Fourth. Deputy United States Marshal J. C. Elliott was severely stabbed by a runaway negro, whom he was attempting to arrest, and the negro shot and desperately wounded by another of the United States Marshal's posse. It appears that two negroes, Irwin Broadus and Angeline Broadus (man and wife), slaves of Colonel C. A. Withers, of Covington, superintendent of the Covington and Lexington Railroad, had for some days been concealed in room No. 18 of the building adjoining the *Gazette* office on the north, which apartment was rented as a lodging-room by W. M. Connelly.

It is said that information concerning their whereabouts was given by one of the Underground Railroad folks—whether from the prickings of conscience, the temptations of gold, or the instigations of malice, we have not been informed. Friday night the room was watched, and Saturday morning, warrants having been procured for the arrest of the fugitives, Deputy United States Marshals John B. Anderson, B. P. Churchill, J. C. Elliott, J. K. Lowe, Jas. Woodward and E. B. Carty, proceeded to bag the game which had been treed. Woodward was stationed at the trap door on the roof of the house, to prevent the possibility of escape in that direction. The others approached the room by the stairs, and knocked, but no response was given. The *Enquirer* of yesterday describes that which followed thus:

"Mr. Elliott clambered up to the transom window over the door, and, looking in, remarked that 'they were there, for he saw their dinner.' Forcing his body partially through the transom, he saw the parties in a small room adjoining, and exclaimed, 'there they are.' He then endeavoured to get into the room, but instantly fell back on the floor upon his feet, and said he was stabbed. Marshal Anderson then endeavoured to kick the door in, but, not succeeding, grasped an old bedstead-post near by and burst it open. At this moment a shot was fired at the negro, who was standing fronting the door, knife in hand. He fell to the floor, and, after a short scuffle, in which he fought desperately, the knife was wrenched from his hands and he was pinioned."

Elliott received two wounds, one in the breast, near the left shoulder, the other in the left arm, near the elbow. The negro was shot in the abdomen. The instrument with which Mr. Elliott was wounded was a sword cane, the blade of which was bloody for eight inches. Dr. Blackman attended Mr. Elliott, and found that internal hemorrhage ensued from the breast wound.

The captive negroes were taken at once before the United States Commissioner, E. R. Newhall, and in a remarkably short space of time were ascertained to his satisfaction to be fugitive slaves belonging to Col. Withers, and remanded to their master, to whom they were despatched in hot haste, the woman accompanying the Colonel in an omnibus, guarded by two Deputy United States Marshals, and the man being moved in an express wagon, with a guard of three of the Marshals. A warrant was issued for Connelly, in whose room the fugitives were found, but at the latest accounts his whereabouts had not been discovered.

We saw Marshal Elliott last evening. He was still

truly "exalteth a nation," he is also opposed to the welfare of his country.

My joy in reading the overflowings of eloquence portraying and condemning the odious sin of oppression is mingled with deep regret, by expressions instigating the slave to take into his own hand that vengeance which the Almighty claims as his own. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." God, indeed, may make man the instrument of his vengeance, but man has no right to execute it until God gives him command, neither on "Bunker Hill" in Massachusetts or on "a Bunker Hill somewhere down in South Carolina." I assure my friend Wm. Wells Brown, while I deeply sympathise with the woes of his race and desire to "remember those in bonds as bound with them," that it is no dishonour to his "race" to be "submissive" to the holy commandment of the Ruler of the universe, which prohibits them from the horrible work of slaughter which he commends.

Our beloved Wendell Phillips, whose general soundness in anti-slavery truth renders his charming eloquence so valuable, must allow his old uncle to question his consistency in allowing a person to be "*an exceedingly good Christian*" who plainly avows "a disbelief" in the testimony of Jesus Christ! If "Christianity is tested by fruits," as is justly affirmed, Mrs. Rose's acknowledged "disbelief" of Christ's positive declaration concerning Jonah, Matt. xii., 40, must surely cancel any claim to Christianity founded on anti-slavery morality. Christianity is, indeed, Anti-Slavery, but mere Anti-Slavery is not Christianity. If the testimony of the Son of God is not reliable, all hope of eternal life is reduced to a mere conjecture. Far better would it be to leave the slave in his temporary bondage than to take from him the eternal liberty wherewith the Son of God makes him free. The lady's claim to moral superiority over all the pro-slavery hypocrites in "40,000 churches" I have no disposition to question.

Yours for the slave, HENRY GREW.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXI.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent on his travels—He blesseth the Queen of England—And why—He describeth a conversation with a gentleman from Virginia—Who declineth to return—He telleth of the wise on which he is abroad—Of a Corporation with a Soul—Of the virtues of a yellow talisman, though not of gold—He fleeth by night to Cincinnati—Also to St. Louis—He is preachy touching Kentucky and Slavery—But checketh himself—His first prairie—His first sight of the Mississippi and his first standing on slave soil—Of St. Louis as a Slave City and otherwise—Where else he went—And where he was at this writing, &c., &c., &c.

CLIFTON HOUSE, CANADA WEST, June 14, 1857.

HERE I am on the soil of Queen Victoria, God bless her! The blessing I feel disposed to bestow every time I meet a black face (and it is very often), and reflect that it is just the breadth of the Niagara that makes all the difference between safety and danger to so many of them. The bloodhounds are obliged to stop and bay across the stream which bars the passage, while the hunted prey can laugh at his ease at their impotent malice. A stream of running water would always stop the pursuit of witches and devils, when those public characters were more openly active than they are now; and the devil of Slavery, with all his incantations and spells of Compromises and Fugitive Slave Laws, has to turn back baffled when his victim has once interposed the green rushing of this glorious river between himself and his infernal pursuers.

I saw a black man eating his dinner yesterday in the yard of a house I came unexpectedly upon in an exploring expedition I was engaged in. He was a negro of the intensest kind, with no bleachery about him, and he had all the marks and numbers of a slave. As he was eating his meat with his fingers and then licking them with a relish that was comfortable, if not elegant, in its expression, I asked him where he came from?

"From the lower part of Virginny, massa," said he.

"How long have you been away from Virginia?"

"Better than seven years, massa," he answered.

"Do you find it easy to get along here?" I inquired.

"First-rate," said he, "I've lived with one boss all the time, and I reckon he would n't have kept me so long if I had n't suited."

"You don't want to go back to Old Virginny, then, do you?" I asked.

"Yah! yah! I 'spects not!" he guffawed out; adding, "I saw my old boss t'other day round here."

"And did he know you?" I asked.

"He knowed me fast enough," he replied. He offered me six hundred dollars if I would go back with him."

"That was very kind of him," said I; "I suppose he could sell you for twelve hundred in a minute."

"More'n that! more'n that, massa!" he said with the air of a man who did not choose to be undervalued, "but I told him this nigger would n't go back just yet! yah! yah!"

"You would have been a blessed fool if you had," said I, "and I thank God there is a place where you fellows can be safe."

"We're safe enough here, massa," said he.

Upon which I took off my hat and said with emphasis, "God save the Queen!" and I am sure my ebony friend would help Him save her with his life, if it were necessary to make that return of loyalty for protection.

But perhaps you would like to know how I happen to be on this happy soil of sanctuary. It happens on this wise. The Ohio and Mississippi Railway Company, having finished welding the iron ring which was to unite in happy matrimony the Cities of Cincinnati and St. Louis, made a great marriage supper, to which many guests were bidden. And they that were thus invited, if they did not exactly receive every man a wedding-garment, had bestowed upon them a gift which was of even more value in these days of utilitarianisms. It was a magic yellow talisman which was of power to convey the holder through the air, in enchanted chariots, without money and without price, to almost any part of the Free States. One of these I was lucky enough to obtain through the kind offices of a friend, aided by my own supererogatory merits, and I considered the chance as too good a one to be missed of. So I set forth about a fortnight ago, and proceeded, by way of New York and Philadelphia, over the Pennsylvania Central to Pittsburgh, and thence to Cincinnati. This I did almost without stopping to take breath, for reasons bootless to enumerate. Here I staid three days and saw that beautiful city under the very best and kindest auspices.

I had purposely arranged my plans so as to miss of the Great Excursion Party, consisting of some fifteen hundred or two thousand persons, who went on in a body to Cincinnati and St. Louis. This multitude was not only conveyed free of cost, but lodged and fed also in the most hospitable and plentiful manner all the way. This I missed of, but as a compensation I found plenty of room—or at least as much as I had need of—and a diminished crowd, though by no means vacancy or emptiness. My journey from Cincinnati to St. Louis, though made by night, was a very rememberable trip. It was made, of course, over the road whose opening I had been invited to celebrate. It lay for the first part of the night along the banks of the Ohio; and as the moon rose full and unclouded over the broad river, it made a lovely scene. On the other side of the stream lay the Dark and Bloody Ground of Kentucky, the first Slave State I had ever seen. It was beautiful to look upon in that softened light, though I could not but feel that there was a black cloud resting upon it in spite of that fair lustre.

I was sorry, after it was too late, that I did not make a short tour in Kentucky, as was done by many of the excursionists. While they all agreed in admiring the splendour of the forests, the park-like character of the scenery, the fertility of the soil and the excellence of many of the farms, there was not one that I heard speak of it that did not see the trail of the serpent alimily marked over it all. It was the more striking because they had just been through some of the best parts of Ohio and Indiana. As none of these gentlemen were Abolitionists there could have been no prejudice of that kind in the making up of their opinions. But this is all *preachy* and trite, too, for everybody knows all about the contrast between the works of Slavery and Freedom when they are put alongside of one another. Of course, I heard a good deal of the mischief the Abolitionists had done in preventing the slaveholders from emancipating their slaves, from their disgust at being advised to do what they considered as for their own interests. They certainly must have belonged to that class of children, during their infancy, who bump their own heads on the floor whenever their friends interpose to try and keep them from doing themselves a mischief. The peculiar institution, it must be confessed, produces some very peculiar developments of human nature.

As morning dawned, somewhere about Vincennes, I saw my first prairie, a sight to be remembered as long as that first burst of the sea on one who had grown to manhood without that glorious vision. Crossing to St. Louis from the *terminus* on the Illinois shore, in a beautiful natural grove, just cleared enough for the purpose, I found myself for the first time on the waters of the mighty Mississippi, and in a few minutes I had the yet farther new sensation of standing for the first time on the soil of a Slave State. But though Missouri is a Slave State, St Louis is not a Slave City. There is nothing to remind one of the fact that men and women may be legally bought and sold there. The number of coloured people was rather noticeably small than large; I really think I should have seen more in Boston in the same space of time. It has very much the look of a Northern city of the second class. It is not handsome, but has a bustling thriving look, and the scene all along the river, with its world of steamers and forest of funnels, is lively enough. Even there, all the labourers, or very nearly so, were white. There are some handsome private residences, but none to compare with those in Cincinnati and Chicago.

From St. Louis I proceeded over an interminable prairie to Chicago, and thence to Detroit, both of which places are too well known to all your readers to require an account of them from me. And if it were not so, I have not left myself room enough to say anything about them. From Detroit I came over the Great Western Railway of Canada to the Suspension Bridge, and so on to this scene of marvel and of beauty. I never before approached the Falls from the British side and caught a first look of them in their entirety. I think this is the true way of taking them. I should advise any friend visiting the Falls for the first time to come directly to the Clifton House, which stands precisely in the best point of general view, and, after first taking in the whole, to proceed to the wonderful parts on both sides of the river. Adjectives and superlatives are of no use in a case like this, and so I will leave them alone. They can convey no idea of the scene to those who have never seen it, and can but feebly help the memories of those that have. I have now been here three days, and shall now remove to the American side, to stay two or three more. This is more than visitors generally give to this astonishment; but as many months would not exhaust its infinite varieties. But I may as well stop here as anywhere. In my next, perhaps, I will say something more on the subject, if I think I can say anything new, or anything old, worth repeating, on this text. D. Y.

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

CINCINNATI, June 12, 1857.

A FEW weeks since, it was announced in the papers that the American Colonisation Society had received a donation of $25,000 in one sum from Mr. David Hunt, of Rodney, Miss. Mr. Hunt was spoken of as a gentleman "now full of years and the executor of his own benevolence," and it was stated that he had given annually, during several years, $500, and, something over a year ago, $5,000 at one time to the same Society. It is now stated by the *National Intelligencer* that the same gentleman has more recently made an additional donation of $20,000 to the same Society, making in all more than $59,000 which has been contributed by Mr. Hunt to "the philanthropic cause of Colonization."

All this certainly proves the sincerity of Mr. Hunt and his confidence in the Colonization scheme. The Society has had in past years several munificent benefactors, like Mr. Hunt, who have stepped forward from time to time and given generously in aid of its funds. And yet it cannot be denied that the Colonization scheme has never taken hold of the sympathies of the people nor enlisted as generally in its support the Christian community as have the Bible, Mission and other great benevolent enterprises of the age. Indeed, when we consider the length of time the Colonization Society has been before the public, and the plausible reasons urged for its support, it seems strange to many minds that its success has not been greater.

Whatever may be said of the cautious conservatism or pro-slavery spirit of its present supporters, it was founded by good men, who were sincerely desirous for the elevation of the coloured race and the extinction both of the Slave Trade and of Slavery. Among its patrons have been enrolled some of the greatest names in our country's history. Marshall, Madison, Clay, Webster, have been its advocates. Judges, statesmen, clergymen, men of eminence and influence, have urged its claims. From the first it has disavowed any intention of interfering with the relation of master and slave. Its managers have been conservative men, with little sympathy for the reforms or progressive measures of the times. Its promises of neutrality in regard to the morality of slaveholding have been faithfully kept, so far as any condemnation of the system is concerned, and the influence of its organ has been decidedly adverse to anti-slavery agitation. It has appealed to the zeal in behalf of Missions which has characterized the Orthodox Churches of the present century by holding up the "evangelization of benighted Africa" as one of its grand objects. Avoiding extremes, it has professedly made its appeals to the plain common sense, the wise philanthropy of considerate men, rather than to the feelings or passions of the people. And yet, with these apparent advantages in its favour, it has failed to enlist any enthusiasm in its behalf among those who sustain the great Christian enterprises of the country. It has transported a few thousand blacks to Liberia, mostly emancipated upon the condition that they should be sent to Africa. It has established schools and Churches, and been the means of doing some good, but has never, at any time, taken away one tithe of the annual increase of the coloured population of this country. The aid of the State and General Governments, which was (we were told many years ago) to have been given to enable it to accomplish great things, has been withheld. Its operations annually cannot compare in extent with those of the American Board of Missions, or the Tract Society, or of other Associations, formed at a much later date, appealing to a more limited portion of the country for support. And this, too, during a period in which the questions of slavery and the destiny of the coloured race have been the great topics of discussion and excitement throughout the country. Why, we may ask, under such circumstances, has not the Colonization Society, promising a peaceful solution of the great question of the age, assumed a national importance, and rallied around it the friends of Freedom in all sections, both North and South?

The reason for this failure, it seems to me, may be found, first, in the very *non-committalism in regard to the sinfulness of slaveholding* and the essential wrongfulness of the system of slavery which has been the boast of the Colonization Society. It has, from the beginning, professed to have no opinion, *as a Society*, in regard to the morality of slaveholding or even its expediency, leaving its supporters, as *individuals*, to form and express their own views as to slavery or its abolition. This it was thought would conciliate those in the South who would look with favour upon emancipation if coupled with colonization to Africa, but would be deterred from patronizing a Society formed avowedly upon an anti-slavery basis. This was a fatal mistake. An enterprise which, whatever might be its political or social bearings, was fundamentally a moral one—having the elevation of a whole race and the "evangelization" of a whole continent, by its own avowals, as its ultimate objects—ought to have been placed upon the highest moral ground. Its projectors should have recognised the system of slavery as a gigantic evil, the source of most of the miseries which bear down the coloured race, and should have founded their measures upon the assumption that it must be overthrown, both in this country and Africa. By evading any expression of sentiment upon the wrongfulness of slavery, the Society, at the beginning, cut itself off from the sympathies and assistance of the very class of men whose support was of the first importance—the decided, outspoken, high-toned anti-slavery men of the whole country, whether technically Abolitionists or not—men from whose devotion to the highest interests of the coloured race, bond and free, everything almost, in the end, might have been expected. The enterprise could ill afford to dispense with the efforts and prayers of such men, and it was neither just nor expedient to drive them off to gain the assistance of those in the South who were willing to support it from unworthy motives—a desire to get rid of the free blacks, and to strengthen slavery at home. Those who were inclined at the South to aid the Colonization cause from a sincere hatred to slavery would never have been deterred by a recognition in the Constitution and official papers of the Society of the immorality of slaveholding. Men are beginning to act in our day more than ever from the impulsive power of great and eternal principles, and lower motives drawn from expediency and compromises of truth to gain temporary success are losing their ascendency over intelligent minds.

A second obstacle to the success of colonization has been the encouragement its friends have given to the *prejudice against the coloured race* on the part of the white race. It is *assumed*, as a fact incapable of being successfully controverted, that this prejudice is invincible; that the coloured race can never obtain equality of rights or privileges while in this country; that they must of necessity, however virtuous or intelligent, continue to be a despised and inferior race. We are told that Providence designed the two races to be kept separate; that they are by nature aliens to each other; and that all that can be done is to send the black race to Africa, and thus avoid all contact with them. The free coloured people, thus treated as an inferior race and in invidious, if not insulting, terms—felt the more keenly the more they become educated and sensitive in mind—have been repelled from the scheme and are almost unanimously opposed to it. As to the impossibility of the two races living in terms of friendship and equal rights together, it may be said the experiment has never been tried. True religion ought to lead to such results, but much of the religion of this land is a spurious Christianity. Let the example of William Penn in his treatment of the Indians, and that of the Friends in those parts of Pennsylvania where the coloured population is large, let the humane, loving spirit of the gospel of Christ, and its world-embracing philanthrophy, be adopted and made the rule of action, and there would be no difficulties were a dozen varied races to inhabit together our States and Territories.

(To be continued.)

From our Dublin Correspondent.

DUBLIN, May 15, 1857.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SOME weeks ago, while I was from home, a letter was sent to my address (and was duly acknowledged by my representative) from a staunch friend of the anti-slavery cause, who resides at Lentonfield, near Nottingham. It contained, amongst other good things, a remittance of £5 for *The Liberator*, from a Bohemian gentleman, a political exile, residing in that neighbourhood, who saw that paper in the house of my correspondent, and was so delighted with its frank, fearless, high-toned and uncompromising character that he volunteered this donation as a proof of his regard for the paper and its editor. In case you should have occasion to communicate with Mr. Garrison, which I have not time to do just at present, I wish you would mention this circumstance, and say that he is to consider me his debtor for the five pounds, and that the donor, who hopes to visit the United States, before long, wishes to be the bearer of letters of introduction to him and his fellow-labourers. He will doubtless be furnished with them, and they will assuredly secure him a fraternal reception; but I do not envy him the shiver that will come over him when he learns by actual experience that the genuine lovers of freedom are as hard to find as needles in a bundle of hay in the midst of your vast, energetic and bustling population. The circumstances in which this gentleman is placed are peculiar. He wishes to go to France or Germany, but, as an exile, he cannot, I am informed, procure a passport from his own government, nor, without a false personation, from any other, so that he is obliged to visit the United States to constitute himself a citizen by length of residence, and then he can obtain a passport which will secure him protection in that capacity.

Since my return home, I have not had leisure to look over the heap of American papers that accumulated in my absence of nearly seven weeks, and you know how difficult it is for one whose time is fully occupied to overtake reading of this kind. However, I know enough of that execrable decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, and of the loathsome haste which the Northern Democrats have made to welcome and adopt its conclusions, to make my heart sink in the prospect before us. Certainly, if the depth of the darkness be a token of the dawn, we have great reason to brighten up in the expectation of the speedy coming of a glorious moral and political day in the United States. I do not find that I am an exception to the general rule that those who advance in life are rarely disposed to adhere with unshaken fealty to the abstract principles which charmed their earlier and more hopeful, trustful and enthusiastic years. A republican form of government may be the very best for an intelligent and virtuous people. But when the vast majority of a nation are not intelligent, educated and high-minded—when the chief proportion of their number are ignorant, superstitious, self-confident, sordid, blindly deferential to the selfish behests of unscrupulous political and religious guides, the republic continues only in form, whilst it is really a grasping, remorseless oligarchy under popular forms. Unless the American people—I mean the people of the free States—cease from their superstitious adoration of that idol "with front of brass and feet of clay," their political Constitution, which they now blindly idolize, like all idolaters, to their own injury and degradation, I do not see how the republican forms which still exist can be retained much longer except in name. Now that your highest judicial authority has gone so far to establish slavery in the free States, there will be something of the interest felt by the lookers-on at a game of chess, in watching by what means Liberty will hold her ground, now that her enemy has been introduced into the citadel by the constituted guardians of the law.

However, this is mere prosing. You will be amused to hear that, since I wrote to you last, I have read THE STANDARD within half an hour's walk of the Coliseum. It is common enough for your countrymen to spend all they have ever accumulated in enjoying the pleasures of a tour in Europe, and then go home, fall to, tooth and nail, and recover lost ground. I consider that this free and easy state of affairs amongst you in this respect is one of the very few real advantages you have over us, as a set-off against the unpleasantness of living in a country where torture and the stake are in frequent requisition, where slavery is the favourite institution, where slaveholders are the real rulers, where dyspepsia and consumption have each a vast dominion, where the Summer is tropical and the Winter polar, where the worst and the most unscrupulous portion of the people have the greatest political power, and where the inevitable changes which time brings about are all towards a worse state of things.

However, in this country it is certain that few but the rich enjoy this easy facility of locomotion. Here, if a man in business, unless he were a very energetic young man, were to treat the public in this independent way, he would find it difficult to recover the ground he had lost. However, the fact is that, having some friends in Rome, who are also friends of yours—some of whom I have long been personally acquainted with, and others whom I knew almost as well, but had never seen—I was tempted beyond my strength by their attractions and those of the Eternal City. In eight days I had traversed England, France, the Mediterranean and the Campagna, and beheld your correspondent beneath the shadow of Saint Peter's, and wondering whether he was really himself, or if the blue sky over him was really "the deep blue sky of Rome" which Byron has portrayed, beyond the skill of all the painters, in those six little words. It would be ridiculous if I were to tell you how I laboured in the two little weeks at my disposal to do what two years would not have sufficed to accomplish. How I rose early, and lay down late; how all the time I was overwhelmed with the sense of my own ignorance; how the past seemed to swell and expand behind me; how my mind laboured to apprehend the greatness of ancient Rome, the wonders and the interest of her greatness and the vastness of her achievements; how intense the enjoyment of a walk through those long galleries of the Vatican, which are filled with those long lines of statues, the mere waifs and strays of the ornaments of the great city in her proud days of majesty and empire! If the relics of these galleries and of those of the Roman capital, and the Museums of Florence, Naples and Paris, are so prodigious in their extent and so beautiful in their execution, what must not have Rome been in the days of Constantine and before the terrible inroads of Atilla and Odoacer? With the exception that my time was so short and my opportunities so extremely limited, my visit was in every respect most fortunate. The weather was lovely, the season the best, and the hospitality and kindness I received were all that could be wished for, and the opportunities I enjoyed were such as few casual visitors could have, of the best and most intelligent guidance in my perambulations and inquiries. How I regretted that I have never read Gibbon; how I resolved that I would buy him and read him as soon as I got home; how poignant is my sorrow that, if I ever keep to my resolution (for time is short, and engagements press continually), I shall certainly be able to retain a very small proportion of his gorgeous pages. From Rome I went to Naples and visited Palstum, Vesuvius, Pompeii, Baia and Amalfi—then for a few days to Florence—and, having paid also a flying visit to Pisa and Genoa, I returned through Paris, where I had a highland welcome for some days as the guest of a French Abolitionist, and on my arrival home found everything had got on safely and prosperously in my own household. My trip was short, but it was full of interest, information and suggestiveness; I gathered some additional hints that the world is much wider than we are apt to imagine; and I find that many subjects of inquiry have acquired very great additional value in my eyes by the light that has been thrown upon them by the grand, beautiful and wonderful objects I have seen. George the Third got great praise for wishing that every one in his dominions had a Bible and could read it. Wishing is an easy way of acquiring a reputation—so that I may as well wish that everybody who would enjoy the trip as I have done had as good (even though as short) an opportunity as I have had of a trip to Italy. I would just remark that, since I came home, I have been amazed by finding how exclusively in the minds of so many good people Rome and the Pope are united. When Rome is mentioned, they then ask for the Pope, and then whether you have had an opportunity of kissing his toe. You will regret to know, in case you also should be inquisitive in this respect, that I had not the honour, but that I saw his Holiness, on Palm Sunday, carried in great state round Saint Peter's, and forming the central object of the most gorgeous pageant I ever beheld—where cardinals, bishops, the heads of religious orders, ladies in black, gentlemen in dress coats, soldiers in regiments, crowned heads without the crowns, and military men of all nations in their most showy trappings made up such a sight as I never expect to look upon again.

Yours ever, RICHARD D. WEBB.

A HARD HIT.—While the New School General Assembly was in session at Cleveland, the coloured people of that city held a public meeting and adopted the following preamble and resolutions, denouncing the shameful conduct of that distinguished coloured man, the Rev. Dr. Ross, of Alabama.

Whereas one Rev. Dr. Ross has taken such extraordinary grounds on the subject of slavery, we, the coloured people of the city of Cleveland, feel it to be our duty to express our feelings in relation to his position on the inferiority of the coloured race; and whereas we have received intelligence, from public prints, that the said Dr. Ross is of African descent, and, from his complexion and general appearance, we believe the above statement to be correct; therefore,

Resolved, That while we are not surprised to hear coloured men advocate the principle of slavery, we are greatly surprised to hear one of that class argue the inferiority of his own race.

Resolved, That in viewing the position taken by Dr. Ross, in saying that the emancipation of the slave would equal infidelity, we deprecate it as a crime against God and humanity, "uttering the most diabolical sentiment coming up from hell" (quoting Dr. Ross's words).

Resolved, That the Doctor remarked that he was loved by all, and especially by the slaves and the Abolitionists, but we do not love him, but hate him as an apostate from the religion of Jesus Christ, and a traitor and disgrace to his people.

JOHN MALVIN, Chairman.
REV. ROBT. JOHNSON, Secretary.

We do not wonder that the indignation of the coloured people, in view of such treachery on the part of one identified with them by birth, should find utterance in language not altogether consistent with Christian charity.

REPUBLICANISM SET TO MUSIC.—The Republicans of Boston convened, a few days since, to choose delegates to the State Convention about to be held at Worcester. The occasion was enlivened by a song, of which we copy the first stanza and chorus:

'Tis the will of all the North,
From it we'll not flinch,
No more soil for slavery,
Not another inch;
We ask not Southern men to yield
A single right they hold,
Or to give up a single slave
That they can sell for gold.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the Union!
We swear that it shall stand;
Preserved by Freemen it shall be,
A great and glorious land.

It is fit that a party which makes no demands upon the slaveholders in behalf of their outraged victims should ostentatiously proclaim its purpose to protect and defend the blood-stained Union; but that such a party should call itself *Republican* is to be explained, doubtless, upon the same principle by which we account for the conduct of those who "steal the livery of the court of Heaven to serve the Devil in." One member of the Convention, Mr. Davis of Plymouth, protested against the doctrine of the song as unsound, but it probably expressed the sentiment of the Republican leaders.

GENERAL WILLIAM WALKER, the Fillibuster (or, as the *Evening Post* calls him, "the Pirate of the Gulf"), reached this city, from the South, on Tuesday evening. He was met at the Battery by some hundreds of "lewd fellows of the baser sort," shoulder-hitters, short-boys, emigrant runners, &c., and escorted to the Park, where an address of welcome was read by "Judge Phillips," a politician of the Border Ruffian school. Gen. Walker's reply was cut short by the rain, and he and his party were afterwards escorted to the Lafarge House. The reception was a dull and spiritless affair, the more respectable portion of his sympathizers, for obvious reasons, choosing to keep in the back-ground. The leaders of the Democratic party, no doubt, have a perfect understanding with the "regenerator of Nicaragua," but deem it politic to forbear any public exhibition of their friendship. There is not the slightest doubt that a scheme is on foot for sending him back to the scene of his late discomfiture to fight his battles o'er again with an augmented force. The Slave Oligarchy is, of course, at the bottom of the scheme, but Northern men will contribute the funds, while the Administration at Washington will facilitate it by all sorts of underhand manœuvres.

DR. CHEEVER SUSTAINED.—The Church of the Puritans, at its annual meeting, held last week, by a majority of more than two-thirds of those present and voting, consummated the measures proposed by the friends and supporters of Dr. Cheever to sustain him in the fearless and independent course of pulpit and pastoral labour which he has felt it his duty lately to pursue. The few wealthy hunkers who sought to coax or drive him from the pulpit for his fidelity in denouncing the sin of slavery have been ingloriously defeated. Whether they propose peaceably to withdraw from the congregation, or remain to concoct new schemes of mischief, we are not informed. We rejoice in their discomfiture, and trust that Dr. Cheever will not, in a mistaken spirit of conciliation towards such insidious foes of Christianity, do anything to mar the dignity and sublimity of his position.

DEA. NATHAN LITTLE, of the first Church in Newbury, one of the most active and benevolent Orthodox Congregationalists in Essex County, has been suspended for expressing a doubt of the eternity of future punishment. His probation expires in June, when he will finally be cast off and dropped, if he does not recant.—*Newburyport Herald.*

If Dea. Little, in imitation of Drs. Lord and Adams, continuing "sound" on the question of hell-fire, had written a book to show that slavery is a divine institution and that Christians have the right to raise babies for the market as they do pigs and calves, his orthodoxy would not have been impeached. Even *The Independent* might have been ready, in that case, to vindicate his Christian character.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE returned from Europe in the steamer Europa, which arrived at Boston on Wednesday last.

Summary.

Daniel Clark, of Manchester, has been elected U. S. Senator, in place of the Hon. James Bell, deceased, by the Republican majority of the New Hampshire Legislature. He is a lawyer by profession, was formerly a Whig, and is now an active and energetic Republican.

Letters lately received state that Senator Sumner has suffered for three weeks from the *grippe*, which revived some of his old symptoms, and threw him back in the advancing process of recovery; he proposes to go up the Rhine, visit Switzerland, and return to the United States in the Fall.—*New York Correspondence of the Boston Transcript.*

P. T. Barnum, it is stated, has been very unsuccessful in his trip to Europe with "little Cordelia Howard" and Tom Thumb. He was followed, too, it appears, by his creditors, who watched their opportunity to levy on him, had his speculation proved a fortunate one. It is said to be his intention to return home, take the benefit allowed him by law, and then go back to England.

The Boston *Traveller* says it is estimated that the whole amount expended in the business of exploring and working the copper mines of Lake Superior, up to January 1st, 1857, was about $8,000,000. The present value of the best mining establishments in that region is set down at $5,500,000, and the whole amount of copper produced, up to January 1st, is estimated at $8,173,100; balance in favour of the mines $2,673,100. But if the more unsuccessful establishments be estimated one-fourth of their cost, and this estimate added, the balance will be more than double.

Mrs. Brown and Katy Fox, the original "Rochester Rappers," have arrived in town. They came to meet an engagement with Dr. Gardner, who proposes, through their mediumship, to convince the Harvard College professors, among other things, that sounds expressing intelligence are made without conscious human agency. The investigation by the committee of professors is about to commence, with the kindest feelings among the contending parties—or rather the interested parties, for the contest has ended—the strife is not for the $500, but to secure to the committee the best opportunity possible to decide whether the phenomena are actual or jugglery.—*Boston Traveller.*

It is one of the peculiarities of modern society that every one fancies himself capable of editing a newspaper or writing a paragraph. Men are not given to believe that they can make a boot or a pair of breeches without having served an apprenticeship at the trades required; nor is it usual for young men about town to undertake to treat a patient for paralysis, or to plead a case in court, without some preparatory training. But every man, woman and almost every child believes that the duties of an editor are innately acquired by every mind.

So far as our experience goes, there are more men in the country who could make a pair of boots, treat a sick person, plead before the Supreme Court, or drive a steam engine, without previous training, than there are who could edit a paper without previous apprenticeship to the profession.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE EMIGRATION FROM EAST TO WEST.—It is computed that the number of emigrants from the New England States to the Mississippi Valley, this season, will amount to one hundred thousand, and that these will carry with them, on an average, $100 each (a low estimate), making an aggregate of $10,000,000 in hard cash. In enumerating the causes of this rapid increase of the movement of the native population from the Eastern to the Western States, the Buffalo *Commercial* refers to the centralisation of capital and business to the great cities, and in the hands of a few, destroying by their superior advantages the chance of successful competition by industrial mechanics and business men of moderate means.

REPORTED HOMICIDE BY A SON OF HENRY CLAY—HIS FLIGHT AND CONCEALMENT.—The Cincinnati *Commercial* of Saturday contains a report that a quarrel took place on Thursday, at Lexington, Kentucky, between John Clay, Esq., a son of the departed statesman, and a horse-trainer named Edgar. High words passed between the parties, and led finally to a personal encounter, when Clay drew a revolver and fired twice at Edgar. One ball entered his mouth, and passed out behind the ear. Another ball lodged in the back. Edgar is reported mortally wounded, and is, perhaps, dead before this time. Clay immediately left Lexington, and has not been heard from since. The parties have not been on amicable terms for some time. John, we believe, is the youngest surviving son of Henry Clay. Of his elder brothers—one Henry Clay, Jr.—was killed at the battle of Buena Vista; and another, James B. Clay, is now a Democratic candidate for Congress.

THE REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH WITHDRAWING FROM THE AMERICAN BOARD.—The General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church closed its sessions on Wednesday evening last. The most significant act of this body was the conclusion reached respecting its further connection with the American Board of Foreign Missions. The Synod resolved, by a nearly *unanimous* vote, to terminate at once its existing relation to that Board. Two voices only were heard in opposition. The ate agitations in the American Board, and the new views of policy that have governed the Prudential Committee, have, says the *Journal of Commerce*, led to the adoption of this measure. Having already a regularly organized Board of Foreign Missions, the Reformed Dutch Church will at once fall back upon that. Its missions are at Arcot, India, and at Amoy, China. The Reformed Dutch body comprises 386 churches, and their annual contributions for foreign missions are about $12,000.

U. G. R. R.—A conductor on this road informs us that nine "chattels" belonging to a gentleman in Boone Co., Kentucky, were sold and were to take their departure for the South on Monday morning last. The "chattels," however, preferring to take a trip to the North, borrowed their master's horses on Sunday night, and rode about 20 miles, to the Ohio river, where they took a boat and reached the opposite shore in safety. Taking the first train, they arrived at Sandusky Monday night, and on Tuesday night took lodgings on the "other side" of Lake Erie.

One of these "chattels" was sold for $1,200, and the nine brought the snug sum of $9,000. How the buyer and seller will compromise the matter is more than we can say.—*Painsville (Ohio) Advertiser.*

EXTRAORDINARY CANINE INSTINCT.—The most remarkable instance of instinct or sagacity in a dog that we remember to have heard of occurred in the town of Fairhaven, a few days since—and it was this: Two children, between the ages of five and seven years, were playing in the middle of the street in Fairhaven, when an unloaded wagon without a driver, drawn by a runaway horse, was seen approaching at a furious rate. A large dog, a cross of the Newfoundland and mastiff breeds, who was lying near, saw the approaching peril, and, going to rescue the unconscious innocents, took up by their clothes in his teeth first one of the children, and deposited the little thing out of danger on the sidewalk, and then returned and took the other, and also placed it safely on the walk. As the wagon was passing, the dog made a spring at the horse and tried to seize him by the nose, but failed to stop him. We have these curious facts from a gentleman whose veracity is unquestionable.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

THE WEST DID THE WORK.—It is not the least gratifying circumstance connected with the late discomfiture of the clerical friends of slavery, at the New School Presbyterian General Assembly in Cleveland, that the movement by which they were forced to reaffirm the old doctrines of the Church on this matter of human chattelism, or boldly declare their belief in the insane absurdities of Calhoun, and withdraw from all fellowship with the congregations of the North, came from the West. It was the constant complaint of the apologists for the women-whippers and man-stealers that the West had pressed this matter upon them—that the West only stood in the way of some compromise—that the West was intractable. Thank God for the complaint and the reality of the causes that produced it! The West could not have been more loudly praised. Be her's the honour of standing in the first rank of those who are resisting the inhuman heresies and anti-Christian aggressions of the madmen who have prostituted our government to the uses of bondage, and now wish to debase Religion to the same unholy purpose.—*Chicago Trib.*

KENTUCKY.—The troubles that the yet undaunted spirits of Kansas dare proclaim are hushed in silence and borne without a murmur in Kentucky. In Kansas, the oligarchy have not yet got the yoke upon the people. In Kentucky (the proudest slave State in the Union) the whole machinery of shutting the mouths of white men, and enslaving negroes to reduce white men's wages, is fixed. The engine of despotism is in good running order, except here and there a broken cog that jars its mechanical construction at every revolution. These jars give hope to the downtrodden, and cause them to pray for a speedy deliverance; and had we the proper aid, we should soon cause this engine to shake the whole Southern continent, and finally dash into fragments by its own velocity. Kentucky suffers in agonizing silence double the abuse that Kansas dare proclaim. There are stout hearts and able pens in Kansas, caused by the liberal aid she has received from the free North. But in Kentucky there is but one family, a stout heart, but feeble pen, to war against an able host of genius, leisure and intellect. Look at the great contrast—behold the silence and suffering of our people, the physical, intellectual and pecuniary aid, and remember WM. S. BAILEY.—*Newport (Ky.) News.*

ONE OF THE MAIL ROUTES.—The Wausau *Central Wisconsin* gives the following account of the mail routes under the supervision of our Post-Office department: Mr. Levi Fleming, the special contractor to carry to Ontonagon the mail which has accumulated here during the past three months, started with it on Saturday last. There was about twelve bushels of it, which made a very good load for a birch-bark canoe. He employs but one man to assist him, and intends to carry it in his canoe to Eagle lake, a distance from here of nearly one hundred and sixty miles. Several portages will have to be made on the way, one of which (at Grandfather Bull Falls), is nearly two miles. His canoe is very light, being only a decent "back load" for one man. At Eagle lake he designs hiding it in the woods from the Indians, and using it on his return; but as it will be no easy trick to conceal it securely from the "searching eye" of the red man, we predict that many a warrior and "load of papooses" will ride in it before he sees it again. From Eagle lake they will carry the mail on their backs, a distance of about sixty miles, over the ridge that separates the Mississippi waters from those of the St. Lawrence to the Ontonagon river, where they will construct some sort of a raft, upon which they will go down that river to Ontonagon village, a distance of about thirty-five miles. He calculated that it will require about three weeks to perform the trip—two for going, and one for returning. As the current in the Wisconsin river is now very strong, the greater part of two weeks will be required to get to Eagle lake.

THE ADMINISTRATION POLICY IN UTAH.—It is gratifying to be assured that the President meditates the severest measures for the chastisement of Mormon insubordination. Yet one cannot but be apprehensive lest this interposition of the Federal power may hereafter furnish a pretext for some unwarrantable encroachment on the rights of the Territories and the sovereignty of the States. Hence the necessity of extreme caution in the application of a principle which may be perverted to a very mischievous purpose. Undoubtedly, in its social and religious aspects, Mormonism is a very repulsive thing; but so is slavery in the judgment of a great many people; and if it be allowed that the Federal Government may interfere to extirpate the evil of polygamy, perhaps an Abolition majority will apply the same remedy to that other "iniquity." The Administration may justify the coercion with which it threatens Brigham Young, on the plea of a necessity to suppress revolt against the Federal authority. Let it not pretend to the mission of a moral reformer, or claim a power to which, in the nature of things, there can be no limit. —*The South.*

GETTING TO HEAVEN BY WAY OF NEW ORLEANS.—The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York *Dispatch* gives the following: A few days since, a young man who had long been attached to a church, and was about to leave for New Orleans, came to bid his pastor farewell. "And so you are going to that degenerate place, New Orleans, are you?" said the pastor. "Yes, sir, but I don't expect to be influenced by any extraneous pressure of any kind," responded the young man with considerable earnestness. "Well, I am glad to see you so confident. I hope the Lord will guide you. But do you know the temptations which exist there?" "Not particularly, sir." "Well, I do. You'll find wanton women in the guise of Paris, tempting the very elect; and rare wines and ardent drinks; and you'll find fine company, and night brawling, and gambling, and dissipation, and running after the lust of old man Adam." "Still, sir, I hope to combat these successfully." "I hope you will, my dear Christian brother," was the reply. "I hope you will, and let me give you this much for your consolation in case you should fall from grace. The tempter is worse than the sin; and the greater the temptation, the more merit there is in resisting it. The man who goes to heaven *by way of New Orleans

Miscellaneous Department.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD. UNCLE JOSEPH.

THE day and the night had passed, and the new morning had come, before the husband and wife could trust themselves to speak calmly of the Secret, and to face resignedly the duties and the sacrifices which the discovery of it imposed on them.

Leonard's first question referred to those lines in the letter which Rosamond had informed him were in a handwriting that she knew. Finding that he was at a loss to understand what means she could have of forming an opinion on this point, she explained that, after Captain Treverton's death, many letters had naturally fallen into her possession which had been written by Mrs. Treverton to her husband. They treated of ordinary domestic subjects, and she had read them often enough to become thoroughly acquainted with the peculiarities of Mrs. Treverton's handwriting. It was remarkably large, firm and masculine in character; and the address, the line under it, and the uppermost of the two signatures in the letter which had been found in the Myrtle Room, exactly resembled it in every particular.

The next question related to the body of the letter. The writing of this, of the second signature ("Sarah Leeson"), and of the additional lines on the third page, also signed by Sarah Leeson, proclaimed itself in each case to be the production of the same person. While stating that fact to her husband, Rosamond did not forget to explain to him that, while reading the letter on the previous day, her strength and courage had failed her before she got to the end of it. She added that the postscript which she had thus omitted to read was of importance, because it mentioned the circumstances under which the secret had been hidden; and begged that he would listen while she made him acquainted with its contents without any further delay.

Sitting as close to his side, now, as if they were enjoying their first honeymoon-days over again, she read these last lines—the lines which her mother had written sixteen years before, on the morning when she fled from Porthgenna Tower.

"If this paper should ever be found (which I pray with my whole heart it never may be), I wish to state that I have come to the resolution of hiding it, because I dare not show the writing that it contains to my master, to whom it is addressed. In doing what I now propose to do, though I am acting against my mistress's last wishes, I am not breaking the solemn engagement which she obliged me to make before her on her death-bed. That engagement forbids me to destroy this letter, or to take it away with me if I leave the house. I shall do neither—my purpose is to conceal it in the place, of all others, where I think there is least chance of its ever being found again. Any hardship or misfortune which may follow as a consequence of this deceitful proceeding on my part, will fall on myself. Others, I believe, on my conscience, will be the happier for the hiding of the dreadful secret which this letter contains."

"There can be no doubt now," said Leonard, when his wife had read to the end; "Mrs. Jazeph, Sarah Leeson, and the servant who disappeared from Porthgenna Tower, are one and the same person."

"Poor creature!" said Rosamond, sighing as she put down the letter. "We know now why she warned me so anxiously not to go into the Myrtle Room. Who can say what she must have suffered when she came as a stranger to my bed-side? Oh, what would I not give if I had been less hasty with her! It is dreadful to remember that I spoke to her as a servant whom I expected to obey me; it is worse still to feel that I cannot, even now, think of her as a child should think of a mother. How can I ever tell her that I know the secret? how—" She paused, with a heart-sick consciousness of the slur that was cast on her birth; she paused, shrinking as she thought of the name that her husband had given to her, and of her own parentage, which the laws of society disdained to recognise.

"Why do you stop?" asked Leonard.

"I was afraid—" she began, and paused again.

"Afraid," he said, finishing the sentence for her, "that words of pity for that unhappy woman might wound my sensitive pride, by reminding me of the circumstances of your birth? Rosamond, I should be unworthy of your matchless truthfulness towards me if I, on my side, did not acknowledge that this discovery *has* wounded me as only a proud man can be wounded. My pride has been born and bred in me. My pride, even while I am now speaking to you, takes advantage of my first moments of composure, and deludes me into doubting, in the face of all probability, whether the words you have read to me can, after all, be words of truth. But, strong as that inborn and inbred feeling is—hard as it may be for me to discipline and master it as I ought, and must, and will—there is another feeling in my heart that is stronger yet." He felt for her hand, and took it in his; then added: "From the hour when you first devoted your life to your blind husband—from the hour when you won all his gratitude, as you had already won all his love, you took a place in his heart, Rosamond, from which nothing, not even such a shock as has now assailed us, can move you! High as I have always held the worth of rank in my estimation, I have learned, even before the event of yesterday, to hold the worth of my wife, let her parentage be what it may, higher still."

"Oh, Lenny, Lenny, I can't hear you praise me, if you talk in the same breath as if I had made a sacrifice in marrying you! But for my blind husband I might never have deserved what you have just said of me. When I first read that fearful letter, I had one moment of vile, ungrateful doubt if your love for me would hold out against the dicovery of the secret. I had one moment of horrible temptation that drew me away from you when I ought to have put the letter into your hand. It was the sight of you, waiting for me to speak again, so innocent of all knowledge of what had happened close by you, that brought me back to my senses, and told me what I ought to do. It was the sight of my blind husband that made me conquer the temptation to destroy that letter in the first hour of discovering it. Oh, if I had been the hardest-hearted of women, could I have ever taken your hand again; could I kiss you; could I lie down by your side, and hear you fall asleep, night after night, feeling that I had abused your blind dependence on me to serve my own selfish interests? knowing that I had only succeeded in my deceit because your affliction made you incapable of suspecting deception? No, no; I can hardly believe that the basest of women could be guilty of such baseness as that; and I can claim nothing more for myself than the credit of having been true to my trust. You said yesterday, love, in the Myrtle Room, that the one faithful friend to you in your blindness who never failed was your wife. It is reward enough and consolation enough for me, now that the worst is over, to know that you can say so still."

"Yes, Rosamond, the worst is over; but we must not forget that there may be hard trials still to meet."

"Hard trials, love? To what trials do you refer?"

"Perhaps, Rosamond, I overrate the courage that the sacrifice demands; but to *me*, at least, it will be a hard sacrifice of my own feelings to make strangers partakers in the knowledge of the secret that we now possess."

Rosamond looked at her husband in astonishment. "Why need we tell the secret to any one?" she asked.

"Assuming that we can satisfy ourselves of the genuineness of that letter," he answered, "we shall have no choice but to tell the secret to strangers. You cannot forget the circumstances under which your father—under which Captain Treverton—"

"Call him my father," said Rosamond, sadly. "Remember how he loved me, and how I loved him, and say 'my father' still."

"I am afraid I must say 'Captain Treverton' now," returned Leonard, "or I shall hardly be able to explain simply and plainly what it is very necessary that you should know. Captain Treverton died without leaving a will. His only property was the purchase-money of this house and estate; and you inherited it as his next of kin—"

Rosamond started back in her chair and clasped her hands in dismay. "Oh, Lenny," she said, simply. "I have thought so much of *you*, since I found the letter, that I never remembered this!"

"It is time to remember it, my love. If you are not Captain Treverton's daughter, you have no right to one farthing of the fortune that you possess; and it must be restored at once to the person who *is* Captain Treverton's next of kin, or, in other words, to his brother."

"To that man!" exclaimed Rosamond. "To that man who is a stranger to us, who holds our very name in contempt! Are we to be made poor that he may be made rich?—"

"We are to do what is honourable and just, at any sacrifice of our own interests and ourselves," said Leonard, firmly. "I believe, Rosamond, that my consent, as your husband, is necessary, according to the law, to effect this restitution. If Mr. Andrew Treverton was the bitterest enemy I had on earth, and if the restoring of this money utterly ruined us both in our worldly circumstances, I would give it back of my own accord to the last farthing; I would give it back without an instant's hesitation—and so would you!"

The blood mantled in his cheek as he spoke. Rosamond looked at him admiringly in silence. "Who would have him less proud," she thought, fondly, "when his pride speaks in such words as those!"

"You understand now," continued Leonard, "that we have duties to perform which will oblige us to seek help from others, and will therefore render it impossible to keep the secret to ourselves? If we search all England for her, Sarah Leeson must be found. Our future actions depend on her answers to our inquiries, upon her testimony to the genuineness of that letter. Although I am resolved beforehand to shield myself behind no technical quibbles and delays—although I want nothing but evidence that is morally conclusive, however legally imperfect it may be—it is still impossible to proceed without seeking advice immediately. The lawyer who always managed Captain Treverton's affairs, and who now manages ours, is the proper person to direct us in instituting the search; and to assist us, if necessary, in making the restitution."

"How quietly and firmly you speak of it, Leonard! Will not the abandonment of my fortune be a dreadful loss to us?"

"We must think of it as a gain to our consciences, Rosamond; and must alter our way of life resignedly to suit our altered means. But we need speak no more of that until we are assured of the necessity of restoring the money. My immediate anxiety, and your immediate anxiety, must turn now on the discovery of Sarah Leeson—no! on the discovery of your mother; I must learn to call her by that name, or I should not learn to pity and forgive her."

Rosamond nestled closer to her husband's side. "Every word you say, love, does my heart good," she whispered, laying her head on his shoulder. "You will help me and strengthen me when the time comes to meet my mother as I ought? O, how pale and worn and weary she was when she stood by my bedside, and looked at me and my child! Will it be long before we find her? Is she far away from us, I wonder? or nearer, much nearer, than we think?"

Before Leonard could answer, he was interrupted by a knock at the door, and Rosamond was surprised by the appearance of the maid-servant. Betsey was flushed, excited and out of breath; but she contrived to deliver intelligibly a brief message from Mr. Munder, the steward, requesting permission to speak to Mr. Frankland or to Mrs. Frankland on business of importance.

"What is it? What does he want?" asked Rosamond.

"I think, ma'am, he wants to know whether he had better send for the constable or not," answered Betsey.

"Send for the constable!" repeated Rosamond. "Are there thieves in the house in broad daylight?"

"Mr. Munder says he don't know but what it may be worse than thieves," replied Betsey. "It's the foreigner, again, if you please, ma'am. He come up and rung at the door as bold as brass, and asked if he could see Mrs. Frankland."

"The foreigner!" exclaimed Rosamond, laying her hand eagerly on her husband's arm.

"Yes, ma'am," said Betsey. "Him as come here to go over the house along with the lady—"

Rosamond, with her characteristic impulsiveness, started to her feet. "Let me go down!" she began.

"Wait," interposed Leonard, catching her by the hand. "There is not the least need for you to go down stairs. Show the foreigner up here," he continued, addressing himself to Betsey, "and tell Mr. Munder that we will take the management of this business into our own hands."

Rosamond sat down again by her husband's side. "This is a very strange accident," she said, in a low, serious tone. "It must be something more than more chance that puts the clue in our hands at the moment when we least expected to find it."

The door opened for the second time, and there appeared, modestly, on the threshold, a little old man, with rosy cheeks and long white hair. A small leather case was slung by a strap at his side, and the stem of a pipe peeped out of the breast-pocket of his coat. He advanced one step into the room, stopped, raised both his hands with his felt hat crumpled up in them to his heart, and made five fantastic bows in quick succession—two to Mrs. Frankland, two to her husband, and one to Mrs. Frankland again, as an act of separate and special homage to the lady. Never had Rosamond seen a more complete embodiment in human form of perfect innocence and perfect harmlessness, than the foreigner who was described in the housekeeper's letter as an audacious vagabond, and who was dreaded by Mr. Munder as something worse than a thief!

"Madam, and good sir," said the old man, advancing a little nearer at Mrs. Frankland's invitation, "I ask your pardon for intruding myself. My name is Joseph Buschmann. I live in the town of Truro, where I work in cabinets and tea-caddies, and other shining woods. I am also, if you please, the same little foreign man who was scolded by the big major-domo when I came to see the house. All that I ask of your kindness is, that you will let me say for my errand here and for myself—and for another person who is very near to my love—one little word. I will be but few minutes, madam and good sir, and then I will go my ways again, with my best wishes and my best thanks."

"Pray consider, Mr. Buschmann, that our time is your time," said Leonard. "We have no engagement whatever which need oblige you to shorten your visit. I must tell you beforehand, in order to prevent any embarrassment on either side, that I have the misfortune to be blind. I can promise you, however, my best attention as far as listening goes. Rosamond, is Mr. Buschmann seated?"

Mr. Buschmann was still standing near the door, and was expressing sympathy by bowing to Mr. Frankland again, and crumpling his felt hat once more over his heart.

"Pray come nearer, and sit down," said Rosamond. "And don't imagine for one moment that any opinion of the steward's has the least influence on us, or that we feel it at all necessary for you to apologize for what took place the last time you came to this house. We have an interest, a very great interest," she added, with her usual hearty frankness, "in hearing anything that you have to tell us. You are the person of all others whom we are, just at this time—" She stopped, feeling her foot touched by her husband's, and rightly interpreting the action as a warning not to speak too unrestrainedly to the visitor before he had explained his object in coming to the house.

Looking very much pleased, and a little surprised also, when he heard Rosamond's last words, Uncle Joseph drew a chair near to the table by which Mr. and Mrs. Frankland were sitting, crumpled his felt hat up smaller than ever and put it in one of his side pockets, drew from the other a little packet of letters, placed them on his knees as he sat down, patted them gently with both hands, and entered on his explanation in these terms:

"Madam, and good sir," he began, "before I can say comfortably my little word, I must, with your leave, travel backwards to the last time when I came to this house in company with my niece."

"Your niece!" exclaimed Rosamond and Leonard, both speaking together.

"My niece, Sarah," said Uncle Joseph, "the only child of my sister Agatha. It is for the love of Sarah, if you please, that I am here now. She is the last morsel of my flesh and blood that is left to me in the world. The rest, they are all gone! My wife, my little Joseph, my brother Max, my sister Agatha, and the husband she married, the good and noble Englishman, Leeson—they are all, all gone!"

"Leeson," said Rosamond, pressing her husband's hand significantly under the table. "Your niece's name is Sarah Leeson?"

Uncle Joseph sighed and shook his head. "One day," he said, "of all the days in the year the evilmost for Sarah, she changed that name. Of the man she married—who is dead now, madam—it is little or nothing that I know but this: His name was Jazeph, and he used her ill, for which I think him the First Scoundrel! Yes," exclaimed Uncle Joseph, with the nearest approach to anger and bitterness which his nature was capable of making, and with an idea that he was using one of the strongest superlatives in the language—"Yes! if he was to come to life again at this very moment of time, I would say it of him to his face: Englishman Jazeph, you are the First Scoundrel!"

Rosamond pressed her husband's hand for the second time. If their own convictions had not already identified Mrs. Jazeph with Sarah Leeson, the old man's last words must have amply sufficed to assure them that both names had been borne by the same person.

"Well, then, I shall now travel backwards to the time when I was here with Sarah, my niece," resumed Uncle Joseph. "I must, if you please, speak the truth in this business, or, now that I am already backwards where I want to be, I shall stick fast in my place, and get on no more for the rest of my life. Sir, and good madam, will you have the great kindness to forgive me and Sarah, my niece, if I confess that it was not to see the house that we came here, and rang at the bell, and gave deal of trouble, and wasted much breath of the big major domo's with the scolding that we got. It was only to do one curious little thing that we came together to this place—or, no, it was all about a secret of Sarah's, which is still as black and dark to me as the middle of the blackest and darkest night that ever was in the world—and, as I nothing knew about it, except that there was no harm in it to anybody or anything, and that Sarah was determined to go, and that I could not let her go by herself; as also for the good reason that she told me she had the best right of anybody to take the letter and to hide it again, seeing that she was afraid of its being found if longer in that room she left it, which was the room where she had hidden it before—Why, so it happened, that I—no, that she—no, no, that I—Ach Gott!" cried Uncle Joseph, striking his forehead in despair, and relieving himself by an invocation in his own language. "I am lost in my own muddlement; and whereabouts the right place is, and how I am to get myself back into it, as I am a living sinner is more than I know!"

"There is not the least need to go back on our account," said Rosamond, forgeting all caution and self-restraint in her anxiety to restore the old man's confidence and composure. "Pray don't try to repeat your explanations. We know already—"

"We will suppose," said Leonard, interposing abruptly before his wife could add another word, "that we know already everything you can desire to tell us in relation to your niece's secret, and to your motives for desiring to see the house."

"You will suppose that!" exclaimed Uncle Joseph, looking greatly relieved. "Ah! I thank you, sir, and you, good madam, a thousand times, for helping me out of my own muddlement with a 'Suppose.' I am all over confusion from my tops to my toes; but I can go on now, I think, and lose myself no more. So! Let us say it in this way: I and Sarah, my niece, are *in* the house—that is the first 'Suppose.' I and Sarah, my niece, are *out* of the house—that is the second 'Suppose.' Good! now we go on once more. On my way back to my own home at Truro, I am frightened for Sarah, because of the faint she fell into on your stairs here, and because of a look in her face that it makes me heavy at my heart to see. Also, I am sorry for her sake, because she has not done that one curious little thing which she came into the house to do. I fret about these same matters, but I console myself too; and my comfort is that Sarah will stop with me in my house at Truro, and that I shall make her happy and well again, as soon as we are settled in our life together. Judge then, sir, what a blow falls on me when I hear that she will not make her home where I make mine. Judge you also, good madam, what my surprise must be, when I ask for her reason, she tells me she must leave Uncle Joseph because she is afraid of being found out by you." He stopped, and, looking anxiously at Rosamond's face, saw it sadden and turn away from him, after he had spoken his last words. "Are you sorry, madam, for Sarah, my niece? do you pity her?" he asked with a little hesitation and trembling in his voice.

"I pity her with my whole heart," said Rosamond, warmly.

"And with my whole heart for that pity I thank you!" rejoined Uncle Joseph. "Ah madam, your kindness gives me the courage to go on, and to tell you that we parted from each other on the day of our getting back to Truro! When she came to see me this time, years and years, long and lonely, and very many, had passed, and we two had never met. I had the fear that many more would pass again, and I tried to make her stop with me to the very last. But she had still the same fear to drive her away—the fear of being found and put to the question by you. So, with the tears in her eyes (and in mine), and the grief at her heart (and at mine), she went away to hide herself in the empty bigness of the great city, London, which swallows up all people and all things that pour into it, and which has now swallowed up Sarah, my niece, with the rest. 'My child, you will write sometimes to Uncle Joseph?' I said, and she answered me, 'I will write often.' It is three weeks now since that time, and here, on my knee, are four letters she has written to me. I shall ask your leave to put them down open before you, because they will help me to get on farther yet with what I must say, and because I see in your face, madam, that you are indeed sorry for Sarah, my niece, from your heart."

He untied the packet of letters, opened them, kissed them one by one, and put them down in a row on the table, smoothing them out carefully with his hand, and taking great pains to arrange them all in a perfectly straight line. A glance at the first of the little series showed Rosamond that the handwriting in it was the same as the handwriting in the body of the letter which had been found in the Myrtle Room.

"There is not much to read," said Uncle Joseph. "But if you will look through them first, madam, I can tell you after, all the reason for showing them that I have."

The old man was right. There was very little to read in the letters, and they grew progressively shorter as they became more recent in date. All four were written in the formal, conventionally correct style of a person taking up the pen with a fear of making mistakes in spelling and grammar, and were equally destitute of any personal particulars relative to the writer; all four anxiously entreated that Uncle Joseph would not be uneasy, inquired after his health, and expressed gratitude and love for him as warmly as their timid restraints of style would permit; all four contained these two questions relating to Rosamond: First, had Mrs. Frankland arrived yet at Porthgenna Tower? Secondly, if she had arrived, what had Uncle Joseph heard about her? And, finally, all four gave the same instructions for addressing an answer—"Please direct to me, 'S. J., Post-Office, Smith Street, London'"—followed by the same apology, "Excuse my not giving my address, in case of accidents, for, even in London, I am still afraid of being followed and found out. I send every morning for letters; so I am sure to get your answer."

"I told you, madam," said the old man, when Rosamond raised her head from the letters, "that I was frightened and sorry for Sarah when she left me. Now see, if you please, why I get more frightened and more sorry yet when I have all the four letters that she writes to me. They begin here, with the first, at my left hand; and they grow shorter, and shorter, as they get nearer to my right, till the last is but eight little lines. Again, see, if you please. The writing of the first letter, here, at my left hand, is very fine—I mean, it is very fine to me, because I love Sarah, and because I write very badly myself—but it is not so good in the second letter; it shakes a little, it blots a little, it crooks itself a little, in the last lines. In the third it is worse—more shake, more blot, more crook. In the fourth, where there is least to do, there is still more shake, still more blot, still more crook, than in all the other three put together. I see this; I remember that she was weak, and worn, and weary, when she left me, and I say to myself, She is ill, though she will not tell it, for the writing betrays her!"

Rosamond looked down again at the letters, and followed the significant changes for the worse in the handwriting, line by line, as the old man pointed them out.

"I say to myself that," he continued, "I wait, and think a little; and I hear my own heart whisper to me, Go you, Uncle Joseph, to London, and, while there is yet time, bring her back to be cured, and comforted, and made happy in your own home! After that I wait, and think a little again—not about leaving my business; I would leave it forever sooner than Sarah should come to harm—but about what I am to do to get her to come back. That thought makes me look at the letters again; the letters show me always the same questions about Mistress Frankland; I see it plainly as my own hand before me, that I shall never get Sarah, my niece, back, unless I can make easy her mind about those questions of Mistress Frankland's that she dreads as if there was death to her in every one of them. I see it! it makes my pipe go out; it drives me up from my chair; it puts my hat on my head; it brings me here, where I have once intruded myself already, and where I have no right, I know, to intrude myself again; it makes me beg and pray now, of your compassion for my niece, and of your goodness for me, that you will not deny me the means of bringing Sarah back. If I may only say to her, I have seen Mrs. Frankland, and she has told me with her own lips that she will ask none of those questions that you fear so much—if I may only say that, Sarah will come back with me, and I shall thank you every day of my life for making me a happy man!"

The simple eloquence of the old man's words, the innocent earnestness of his manner, touched Rosamond to the heart. "I will do anything, I will promise anything," she answered, eagerly, "to help you to bring her back! If she will only let me see her, I promise not to say one word that she would not wish me to say; I promise not to ask one question—no, not one—that it will pain her to answer. O, what comforting message can I send her besides! what can I say!"—she stopped confusedly, feeling her husband's foot touching her's again.

"Ah, say no more! say no more!" cried Uncle Joseph, tying up his little packet of letters, with his eyes sparkling and his ruddy face all in a glow. "Enough said to bring Sarah back! enough said to make me grateful for all my life! Oh, I am so happy, so happy, so happy, my skin is too small to hold me!" He tossed up the packet of letters into the air, caught it, kissed it, and put it back again in his pocket, all in an instant.

"You are not going?" said Rosamond. "Surely you are not going yet?"

"It is my loss to go away from here, which I must put up with, because it is also my gain to get sooner to Sarah," said Uncle Joseph. "For that reason only I shall ask your pardon if I take my leave, with my heart full of thanks, and go my ways home again."

"When do you propose to start for London, Mr. Buschman?" inquired Leonard.

"To-morrow, in the morning, early, sir," replied Uncle Joseph. "I shall finish the work that I must do to-night, and shall leave the rest to Samuel, my man, and shall then go to Sarah by the first coach."

"May I ask for your niece's address in London, in case we wish to write to you?"

"She gives me no address, sir, but the post-office; for, even at the great distance of London, the same fear that she had all the way from this house still sticks to her. But here is the place where I shall get my own bed," continued the old man, producing a small shop card. "It is the house of a countryman of my own, a fine baker of buns, sir, and a very good man indeed."

"Have you thought of any plan for finding out your niece's address?" inquired Rosamond, copying the direction on the card while she spoke.

"Ah! yes, for I am always quick at making my plans," said Uncle Joseph. "I shall present myself to the master of the post, and to him I shall say just this and no more: 'Good morning, sir. I am the man who writes the letters to S. J. She is my niece, if you please; and all that I want to know is, Where does she live?' There is something like a plan, I think. Aha!" He spread out both his hands interrogatively, and looked at Mrs. Frankland with a self-satisfied smile.

"I am afraid," said Rosamond, partly amused, partly touched by his simplicity, "that the people at the post-office are not at all likely to be trusted with the address. I think you would do better to take a letter with you, directed to 'S. J.,' to deliver it in the morning when letters are received from the country; to wait near the door, and then to follow the person who is sent by your niece (as she tells you herself) to ask for letters for S. J."

"You think that is better?" said Uncle Joseph, secretly convinced that his own idea was unquestionably the most ingenious of the two. "Good! The least little word that you say to me, madam, is a command that I follow with all my heart." He took the crumpled felt hat out of his pocket, and advanced to say farewell, when Mrs. Frankland spoke to him again.

"If you find your niece well and willing to travel," said Leonard, "you will bring her back to Truro at once? And you will let us know when you are both at home again?"

"At once, sir," said Uncle Joseph. "To both these questions, I say at once."

"If a week from this time passes," continued Leonard, "and we hear nothing from you, we must conclude, then, either that some unforeseen obstacle stands in the way of your return, or that your fears on your niece's account have been but too well-founded, and that she is not able to travel?"

"Yes, sir; so let it be. But I hope you will hear from me before the week is out."

"O, so do I! most earnestly, most anxiously!" said Rosamond. "You remember my message?"

"I have got it here, every word of it," said Uncle Joseph, touching his heart. He raised the hand which Rosamond held out to him to his lips. "I shall try to thank you better when I have come back," he said. "For all your kindness to me and to my niece, God bless you both, and keep you happy till we meet again." With these words, he hastened to the door, waved his hand gayly with the old crumpled hat in it, and went out.

"Dear, simple, warm-hearted old man!" said Rosamond, as the door closed. "I wanted to tell him everything, Lenny. Why did you stop me?"

"My love, it is that very simplicity which you admire, and which I admire too, that makes me cautious. At the first sound of his voice I felt as warmly towards him as you do; but the more I heard him talk, the more convinced I became that it would be rash to trust him, at first, for fear of his disclosing too abruptly to your mother that we know her secret. Our chance of winning her confidence and obtaining an interview with her depends, I can see, upon our own tact in dealing with her exaggerated suspicions and her nervous fears. That good old man, with the best and kindest intentions in the world, might ruin everything. He will have done all that we can hope for, and all that we can wish, if he only succeeds in bringing her back to Truro."

"But if he fails—if anything happens—if she is really ill?"

"Let us wait till the week is over, Rosamond. It will be time enough then to decide what we shall do next."

THE SYCAMORES.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In the outskirts of the village,
On the river's winding shores,
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
Stand the ancient sycamores!

One long century hath been numbered,
And another half-way told,
Since the rustic Irish gleeman
Broke for them the virgin mould.

Deftly set to Celtic music,
At his violin's sound they grew,
Through the moonlit eves of Summer,
Making Amphion's fable true.

Rise again, thou poor Hugh Talent!
Pass in jerkin green along,
With thy eyes brim full of laughter,
And thy mouth as full of song.

Pioneer of Erin's outcasts,
With his fiddle and his pack;
Little dreamed the village Saxons
Of the myriads at his back.

How he wrought with spade and fiddle,
Delved by day and sang by night,
With a hand that never wearied,
And a heart forever light—

Still the gay tradition mingles
With a record grave and drear,
Like the rollick air of Cluny,
With the solemn march of Mear.

When the box-tree, white with blossoms,
Made the sweet May woodlands glad,
And the Aronia by the river
Lighted up the swarming shad,

And the bulging nets swept shoreward,
With their silver-sided haul,
Midst the shouts of dripping fishers,
He was merriest of them all.

When, among the jovial huskers,
Love stole in at Labour's side,
With the lusty airs of England,
Soft his Celtic measures vied.

Songs of love and wailing lyke-wake,
And the merry fair's carouse;
Of the wild Red Fox of Erin,
And the woman of Three Cows.

By the blazing hearths of Winter,
Pleasant seemed his simple tales,
Midst the grimmer Yorkshire legends,
And the mountain myths of Wales.

How the souls in Purgatory
Scrambled up from fate forlorn,
On St. Keven's sackcloth ladder,
Slyly hitched to Satan's horn.

Of the fiddler who in Tara
Played all night to ghosts of kings;
Of the brown dwarfs, and the fairies
Dancing in their moorland rings!

Jolliest of our birds of singing,
Best he loved the bob-o-link.
"Hush!" he'd say, "the tipsey fairies!
Hear the little folks in drink!"

Merry-faced, with spade and fiddle,
Singing through the ancient town,
Only this, of poor Hugh Talent,
Hath Tradition handed down.

Not a stone his grave discloses;
But, if yet his spirit walks,
'Tis beneath the trees he planted,
And when Bob-o-Lincoln talks!

Green memorials of the gleeman!
Lightly still the river shores,
With their shadows, cast by sunset,
Stand Hugh Talent's sycamores!

When the Father of his Country
Through the north-land riding came,
And the roofs were starred with banners,
And the steeples rang acclaim—

When each war-scarred Continental,
Leaving smithy, mill and farm,
Waved his rusted sword in welcome,
And shot off his old King's-arm—

Slowly passed that august Presence,
Down the thronged and shouting street;
Village girls, in white as angels,
Scattering flowers around his feet.

Midway, where the plane-tree's shadow
Deepest fell, his rein he drew;
On his stately head, uncovered,
Cool and soft the west wind blew.

And he stood up in his stirrups,
Looking up and looking down,
On the hills of Gold and Silver,
Rimming round the little town—

On the river, full of sunshine,
To the lap of greenest vales,
Winding down from wooded headlands,
Willow-skirted, white with sails.

And he said, the landscape sweeping
Slowly with his ungloved hand,
"I have seen no prospect fairer
In this goodly Eastern land."

Then the bugles of his escort
Stirred to life the cavalcade;
And that head, so bare and stately,
Vanished down the depths of shade.

Ever since, in town and farm-house,
Life has had its ebb and flow;
Thrice hath passed the human harvest
To its garner, green and low.

But the trees the gleeman planted,
Through the changes, changeless stand;
As the marble calm of Tadmor
Mocks the desert's shifting sand.

Still the level moon at rising
Silvers o'er each stately shaft;
Still beneath them, half in shadow,
Singing, glides the pleasure craft.

Still beneath them, arm enfolded,
Love and Youth together stray;
While, as heart to heart beats faster,
More and more their feet delay.

Where the ancient cobbler, Keezar,
On the open hill-side wrought,
Singing, as he drew his stitches,
Songs his German masters taught,

Singing, with his gray hair floating
Round his rosy, ample face;
Now a thousand Saxon craftsmen
Stitch and hammer in his place.

All the pastoral lanes so grassy,
Now are Traffic's dusty streets;
From the village, grown a city,
Fast the rural grace retreats.

But, still green, and tall, and stately,
On the river's winding shores,
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
Stand Hugh Talent's sycamores!

—*National Era.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

BURKE.—It was a fine compliment which Johnson, when debilitated by sickness, paid to Burke—the only man who was a match for that conversational tyrant: "That fellow calls forth all my power. Were I to see Burke now, it would kill me." "Can he *wind into a subject, like a serpent*, as Burke does?" was the shrewd question put to Boswell by Goldsmith.

—MAKING AN EFFORT FOR LIFE.—Lord Cockburn says of old Adam Ferguson, the historian of Rome, who dressed like a philosopher from Lapland, "that he lived fifty years longer than nature meant, by rigid care. Wine and animal food besought his appetite in vain; but huge messes of milk and vegetables disappeared before him, always in the never-failing cloth and fur. I never heard of his dining out, except at his relation, Dr. Joseph Black's, where his son Sir Adam (the friend of Scott) used to say, it was delightful to see the two philosophers *rioting* over a boiled turnip."

—PLAYING CARDS IN SHAKSPEARE'S TIMES.—Cards was a favourite diversion with the higher ranks. The principal games then played are now extinct; such as "pimero," "gleek," "maw," "ruff," and "knave-out-of-doors." There were games of tables, of which that called "tables" was identical with our modern backgammon. Dice were much in use, and false dice were constantly employed by sharpers. Shakspeare's expression, "False as dicers' oaths," bears strictly on his own time. False dice were called Fulhams in the time of the Restoration, because they were made at Fulham.—*Lectures by Robert Bell.*

—A WARNING TO PHYSICIANS.—Dr. Locock, the Queen's physician, has been peremptorily dismissed from further attendance on the royal family, where he had been hitherto admitted on terms of familiar intercourse. His salarly, £5,000 per annum, a royal present on each safe delivery of the Queen, and a large practice among the nobility, is no small loss. The doctor has made every effort towards reconciliation, but the Queen remains inexorable. It seems that it came to the Queen's ears that Dr. Locock was given to too much talking, and that though she told Prince Albert that his habit of sleeping between the blankets was "a vulgar, dirty Dutch practice," she did not care to have it told abroad.—*Liverpool Post.*

—PRINTING IN CHINA.—According to the best authority, the art of printing was known in China upwards of 900 years ago. In the time of Confucius, B. C. 500, books were formed of slips of bamboo; and about 150 years after Christ, paper was first made; A. D. 745, books were bound into leaves; A. D. 900, printing was in general use. The process of printing is simple. The materials consist of a graver, blocks of wood, and a brush, which the printers carry with them from place to place. Without wheel, or wedge, or screw, a printer will throw off more than 2,500 impressions in one day. The paper (chin) can be bought for one-fourth the price in China that it can in any other country. The works of Confucius, six volumes, 400 leaves octavo, can be bought for nixepence. For an historical novel, twenty volumes, 1,500 leaves, half-a-crown is the price among the the Chinese.—*Montgomery Martin's China.*

—POETIC INSPIRATION.—We hear much about "poetic inspiration," and the "poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling"; but Sir Joshua Reynolds gives an anecdote of Goldsmith, while engaged upon his poem, calculated to cure our notions about the ardour of composition.

Calling upon the poet one day, he opened the door without ceremony, and found him in the double occupation of turning a couplet and teaching a pet dog to sit upon his haunches. At one time he would glance his eye at his desk, and at another shake his finger at the dog to make him maintain his position. The last lines on the page were still wet; they form a part of the description of Italy:

"By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child."

Goldsmith, with his usual good humour, joined in the laugh caused by his whimsical employment, and acknowledged that his boyish sport with the dog suggested the stanza.

—THE RIGHTS OF ENGLISHMEN.—The following anecdote is related of George the First: Some time after his majesty's accession to the throne, he had a hunting party. The track of the game led him to ride over a gentleman's enclosure, who happened to be there walking. The gentleman, with a commanding tone, accosted the king with "Stop, sir! this is not a patent path." The royal sportsman, not accustomed to such mode of address, instantly replied, "Do you know whom you have thus addressed?" "Yes," rejoined the other, "I know that I have the king of Great Britain talking to me, but I am king upon my own property." With great presence of mind, and frankness that did honour to royalty itself, the king, clapping his hand on the pummel of the saddle, exclaimed, with an air of exultation and pleasure, "I am the greatest king on earth; for, while other monarchs rule over slaves, I reign over princes."

—ANECDOTE OF CHARLES LAMB.—"What of Charles Lamb, Doctor?"

"Lamb, dear Charles, has certainly lisped of hot gin and water in his inimitable letters," replied the Doctor, "or as he would say, *hot water* with a thentiment of gin."

"That sounds Lambish, Doctor."

"My learned friend," replied Dr. Bushwhacker, "I know it; I have got Charles Lamb by heart, sir. By the way, a new anecdote of Elia: he had a friend one night at No. 4 Inner Temple Lane; negus was the potable of the evening, from tenderness to Mary's feelings, who sometimes shook her sisterly head at the 'thentiment.' It seems that a poor cur dog had attracted the attention of the gentle-hearted Charles that day, and he had invited him in, fed him, and tied him up slightly in the little yard back of the house. Charles was talking in his phosphorescent way over the negus, when Mary interrupted him: 'Charles, that dog yelps so.' Elia flashed on. 'Charles, that dog—' 'What ith it, Mary? Oh! the dog? He'th enjoying himthelf.' 'Enjoying himself, Charles?' 'Yeth, as well as he can with whine and water.'"

—GERALD MASSEY.—Walter Savage Landor, perhaps the greatest living master of the English tongue, has come out with a strong voice in favour of England's young poet. He says in the London *Examiner*:

"I propose to review the works of no ordinary poet—Gerald Massay. It appears that his station in life is obscure, and his fortunes far from prosperous. Such, also, was the condition of Keats, to whom he bears, in many features of his genius, a marvellous resemblance. Keats has found patrons now he is in his grave: may Massey find them on this side of it! I have not the honour (for honour I should think it) to know him personally; therefore, if I should err in my judgment of his merits, the cause of my blindness will not be attributed to an overheated partiality. Here are stanzas of exquisite and almost unrivalled beauty. There are thoughts and expressions here which remind us of Shakspeare in the best of his sonnets. The reader of this criticism I hope will test its accuracy by the perusal of a volume which contains a larger quantity of good poetry than threescore ostentatious volumes by 'eminent hands.' I feel almost as much of pleasure in bringing it farther out into public notice as I should of pride if I had written one of its pages. Here is such poetry as the generous Laureate will read with approbation; such poetry as Jeffrey would have tossed aside with derision, and as Gifford would have torn to pieces with despair. Can anything more or better be said for it?"

—CHANGE IN THE MEANING OF THE WORD LOVER.—It is nearly equivalent to friend, and was formerly in common use in that sense. Thus, in Psalm xxxviii, 11, we have, in the old version, "My lovers and my neighbours did stand looking upon my trouble," and also in the common version, "My lovers and my friends stand aloof from my sore." So afterwards, in 375, Brutus begins his address to the people, "Romans, countrymen and lovers." Another change which has been undergone by this and some other words is that they are now usually applied only to men, whereas formerly they were common to both sexes. This has happened, for instance, to paramour and villain, as well as to lover. But villain is still a term of reproach for a woman as well as for a man in some of the provincial dialects. And although we no longer call a woman a lover, we still say of a man and woman that they are lovers, or a pair of lovers. I find the term lover distinctly applied to a woman in so late a work as Smollett's "Count Fathom," published in 1754: "These are alarming symptoms to a lover of her delicacy and pride" (volume 1., chap. 10).—*Professor Craik's English of Shakspeare.*

—WIT AND SATIRE.—Sterne warns us at what price the satirist may pursue his art. Eugenio shall crack his jest and lose his friend. He shall jeer at knaves and fools, and find the mob rise and stone him. A wit is admired, but shunned. Most people, not palsied by cowardice, love to see lightning, volcanoes, tempests. On the summer nights, when the air is hot, and the lightnings play in the tree-tops, or break through the ocean wrack, they are dazzling and seductive. Who has not lounged in the park or leaned over the bulwark—with a soft arm clinging round him or a wet curl dropping on his cheek—until deep into the midnight, held by the fiery openings and long golden inlets into space?

Yet the boldest lover of the picturesque will watch the beautiful white fire with a secret awe, lest it leap too near. So with wit. We admire